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WITH A GUITAR.

BY SHELLEY.

THE artist who this idol wrought
To echo all harmonious thought,
Felled a tree, while on the steep
The winds were in their winter sleep;
Rocked in that repose divine
On the wind-swept Apennine,
And dreaming, some of Autumn past,
And some of Spring approaching fast,
And some of April buds and showers,
And some of songs in July bowers;
And all of love; and so this tree —
O! that such our death may be! —
Died in sleep, and felt no pain,
To live in happier form again;
From which, beneath heaven's fairest star,
The artist wrought this loved guitar,
And taught it justly to reply
To all who question skilfully,
In language gentle as thine own;
Whispering, in enamored tone,
Sweet oracles of woods and dells,
And summer winds in sylvan cells;
For it had learnt all harmonies
Of the plains and of the skies,
Of the forests and the mountains
And the many-voiced fountains,
The clearest echoes of the hills,
The softest notes of falling rills,
The melodies of birds and bees,
The murmuring of summer seas,
And pattering rain, and breathing dew,
And airs of evening, and it knew
That seldom heard mysterious sound
Which, driven on its diurnal round,

As it floats through boundless day,
Our world enkindles on its way: —
All this it knows, but will not tell
To those who cannot question well
The spirit that inhabits it:
It talks according to the wit
Of its companions, and no more
Is heard than has been felt before,
By those who tempt it to betray
These secrets of an elder day.
But, sweetly as its answers will
Flatter hands of perfect skill,
It keeps its highest, holiest tone
For our beloved friend alone.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

Flow fast, ye waves! ye burnished billows, roll!
Ye cannot flow so fast as speeds the soul;
Thought goes before you; winds, your clarion
sound!
Waves, faster flow! ye bear the Homeward
Bound!
Upon the deck they stand, with wistful eye —
Watching the ocean's verge which meets the sky,
And now mistaking for an island dim
Some purple rays upon the ocean's rim;
While speeds their bark as racing with the clouds,
And tired swallows drop amid its shrouds,
And land-birds' voices on the glad ears chime
Of earth and flowers — green grass and fragrant
thyme;
And sea-weeds float in emerald lustre rare,
Like the shorn tresses of mermaid's hair —
Signs of the shore! — and now its rocks they
see —
Its bright white cliffs! the guards of liberty!

And, bravely cheering, gladly on they come,
To anchor soon by Fatherland and Home ;
With pleasures pure their earnest bosoms blest,
The nearer home — the greater is their zest ;
As with the poet — best beloved the throes
That bring his song to its melodious close.

From the California Correspondent of the Milwaukee
Sentinel.

THE "GREEN-HORNS"—A PARODY.

THE Green-horns came down, like the wolf on the
fold,
To the land that was said to be teeming with gold,
And the gleam of their wash-pans, like comets or
stars,
Flashed bright o'er our gulches, our canons, our
bars.

Like the leaves of the forest, when summer is
green,
That host in the month of October was seen ;
Like the leaves of the forest, when autumn hath
blown,
That host in December was scattered and strown.

For the "Fiend of the Storm" spread his wings
on the blast,
And rain, at his bidding, came sudden and fast,
And the waters were raised till each creek was a
flood,
And provisions went up on account of the mud.

And there lay the tools they had bought upon
trust,
Each wash-pan and crow-bar all covered with
dust ;
And there lay each Green-horn coiled up in his
tent —
His pork-barrel empty, his money all spent.

And the victims themselves were quite loud in
their wail,
And the merchant who sold upon credit turned
pale,
And those who prayed hardest for rain at the
first,
Were now by their comrades most bitterly cursed.

In vain they prospected each dreary ravine —
In vain they explored where no white men had
been ;
The riches they fondly expected to clasp,
Like the will-o'-the-wisp, eluded their grasp.

And some of the Green-horns resolved upon flight,
And vamoosed the ranch in desperate plight ;
While those who succeeded in reaching the town
Confessed they were done most decidedly brown.

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

DAY-DREAMS.

I LOVE my day-dreams, warm and wild,
Whate'er ungentle lips may say ;
I dearly love, e'en as a child,
To sit and dream an hour away
In visions which heaven's blessed light
Makes but the holier to my sight.

'T is well that Time, corroding Care,
And bitt' rest I'll have left me this :
Life's real sorrows who could bear,
Did not some dear imagined bliss,
Like Spring's green Footsteps, wake up flowers,
To cheer and bless Time's waste of hours ?

'T is well at times to get one home
To childhood's birthplace, and to see
The loved — the *lost* ones — round one come,
Just as of old they used to be,
And feel that neither change nor care
Can veil the soul's communion there.

From every Ruin of the Past
An echo comes to charm mine ear.
Love woke the ut't'rance first and last,
And love, when lost, how doubly dear !
Such concords how shall time impart,
As the first music of the heart ?

A SCULPTURED VASE.

BY KEATS.

HEARD melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter ; therefore, ye soft pipes, play
on —

Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone :
Fond youth, beneath the trees thou canst not
leave

Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare ;
Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal — yet do not grieve,
She cannot fade though thou hast not thy
bliss ;

Forever wilt thou love and she be fair.

From the Ladies' Companion.

"NOTHING TO DO?"

"NOTHING to do?" O, pause and look around
At those oppressed with want, and sorrow too !
Look at the wrongs, the sufferings that abound,
Ere yet thou sayst there's naught for thee to do.

"Nothing to do?" Are there no hearts that
ache —
No care-worn breasts that heave an anguished
sigh —

No burthens that thy hands may lighter make —
No bitter tears thy sympathy might dry ?

Are there no hungry that thy hand may feed —
No sick to aid, no naked to be clad ?
Are there no blind whose footsteps thou mayst
lead —

No mourning heart that thou couldst make less
sad ?

"Nothing to do?" Hast thou no store of gold —
No wealth of time that thou shouldst well em-
ploy ?

No hidden talent that thou shouldst unfold —
No gift that thou shouldst use for others' joy ?

"Nothing to do?" O, look without, within !
Be to thyself and to thy duties true :
Look on the world, its troubles, and its sin,
And own that thou hast much indeed to do !

From the British Quarterly Review.

Life and Religious Opinions and Experience of Madame de la Mothe Guyon; together with some account of the Personal History and Religious Opinions of Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray. By THOMAS C. UPHAM, Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy in Bowdoin College. 2 vols. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1851.

JEREMY TAYLOR relates, in one of his sermons, the following legend:—"Saint Lewis the king having sent Ivo, Bishop of Chartres, on an embassy, the bishop met a woman on the way, grave, sad, fustastic, and melancholy, with fire in one hand, and water in the other. He asked what these symbols meant. She answered, My purpose is with fire to burn Paradise, and with my water to quench the flames of hell, that men may serve God without the incentives of hope and fear, and purely for the love of God." This fanciful personage may be regarded as the embodiment of that religious idea to which we give the name of Quietism. It is the ambition of the Quietist to attain a state in which self shall be practically annihilated—in which nothing shall be desired, nothing feared—in which the finite nature ignores itself and all creatures, and recognizes only the Infinite—is swallowed up and hidden in the effulgence of the Divine Majesty. Quietism attempts self-transcendence by self-annihilation. It calls on man to become Nothing, that he may be dissolved in Him who is All. It has many various names to denote its beloved contrasts of self-emptiness and Divine fulness. That reduction of self to an inappreciable quantity which it inculcates, is called poverty, simplification, denudation, indifference, silence, quiet, death. That self-finding in God which is the immediate consequence of this self-loss, is termed union, transformation, perfection, pure love, immersion, absorption, deification.

Mysticism is the romance of religion. Its history is bright with stories of dazzling spiritual adventure, sombre with tragedies of the soul, stored with records of the achievements and the woes of martyrdom and saintship. It has reconciled the most opposite extremes of theory and practice. In theory it has verged repeatedly on pantheism, ego-theism, nihilism. In practice it has produced some of the most glorious examples of humility, benevolence, and untiring self-devotion. It has commanded with its indescribable fascination the most powerful natures and the most feeble—minds lofty with a noble disdain of life, or low with a weak disgust of it. If the self-torture it exacts be terrible, the reward it holds out has been found to possess an irresistible attraction. It lays waste the soul with purgatorial pains, but it is to leave noth-

ing there on which any fire may kindle after death. It promises a perfect sanctification, a divine calm, the fruition of an absolute repose on this side the grave. It has been both persecuted and canonized by kings and pontiffs. In one age the mystic is enrolled among the saints; in another, the inquisitor burns him, or a *lettre-de-cachet* consigns him to the Bastille. But the principle is indestructible. There always have been, and probably always will be, minds whose religion assumes spontaneously a mystical character. States of society continually recur which necessarily foster this disposition. There have been periods in which all the real religion existing in a country has been found among its mystics. Then this inward contemplative devotion becomes conspicuous as a power—ventures out into public life, and attracts the eye of the historian. Then its protest is heard against literalism, formality, scholasticism, human ordinances. It reacts strenuously against the corruptions of priestcraft. But its voice is heard also discoursing concerning things unutterable. It speaks as one in a dream of the third heaven, and of celestial experiences and revelations fitter for angels than for men. Its stammering utterance, confused with excess of rapture, laboring with emotions too huge or with abstractions too spiritual for words, is utterly unintelligible. Then it is misrepresented. Mysticism becomes in turn the victim of a reaction—the delirium is dieted by persecution—it is consigned once more to secrecy and silence. There it survives, and spins in obscurity its mingled tissue of evil and of good. We must not blindly praise it in our hatred of formalism. We must not vaguely condemn it in our horror of extravagance.

Mr. Upham has contributed to the literature of America an interesting and instructive book. To write the biography of Madame Guyon has been with him a labor of love, and he makes us love him for his labor. To what external section of the Christian community he may belong we know not, but his devout spirit and large-hearted Christian charity bring him near to our hearts at once. He has availed himself conscientiously of the best materials within his reach. His style is calm and equable—almost too much so. His modest and gentle nature would seem to have been schooled in the Quietism he records. The wrongs of Madame Guyon are narrated by him with a patient forbearance equal to that with which she endured them. For a charitable man himself he has abundant charity, and the worst malignity of persecution can not provoke him to asperity or carry him away with indignation. In his sympathy with Madame Guyon, and in his admiration for her character as a whole, we fully agree with him. In his estimate of her Quietism and of

Quietism generally, we differ. We shall find occasion, as we proceed, to show why we think him wrong in regarding Quietism and the highest Christian spirituality as identical. In his anxiety to do justice to Madame Guyon, he has transposed and paraphrased her language, softened many expressions, and omitted others. He underrates, we think, the allowance which thoughtful readers will be disposed to make for her. It would have been more satisfactory had he represented her to us just as she was, without veiling a single extravagance. There is a nobleness in her which would survive the disclosure, and preserve for her memory a place in the affection of every liberal mind. The biographer might have appended to her exact words whatever explanation or comment he thought necessary, leaving his readers to judge for themselves. The best course would have been, to have placed occasionally side by side with her meditations some of the rhapsodies of Angela de Foligni or St. Theresa. It would then have been seen, that, in comparison with these be-praised and sainted devotees, the persecuted Madame Guyon was sobriety itself. Thus instructed, the Protestant would be placed in a position to do her full justice. But, ignorant of mysticism generally, and of the expressions to which Romanist mystical writers had long been accustomed, he would see in Madame Guyon standing alone only a monster of extravagance. Professor Upham, however, has brought much less information of this kind to his subject than could have been desired. The particular form of mysticism which goes by the name of Quietism can only be thoroughly understood by a comparison with some of the other developments of its common principle.

Jeanne Marie Bouvières de la Mothe was born on Easter-eve, April 13th, 1648, at Montargis. Her sickly childhood was distinguished by precocious imitations of that religious life which was held in honor by every one around her. She loved to be dressed in the habit of a little nun. When little more than four years old she longed for martyrdom. Her school-fellows placed her on her knees on a white cloth, flourished a sabre over her head, and told her to prepare for the stroke. A shout of triumphant laughter followed the failure of the child's courage. She was neglected by her mother, and knocked about by a spoiled brother. When not at school she was the pet or the victim of servants. She began to grow irritable from ill-treatment, and insincere from fear. When ten years old she found a Bible in her sick-room, and read it, she says, from morning to night, committing to memory the historical parts. Some of the writings of St. Francis de Sales, and the Life of Madame de Chantal, fell in her way. The latter work proved a

powerful stimulant. There she read of humiliations and austerities numberless, of charities lavished with a princely munificence, of visions enjoyed and miracles wrought in honor of those saintly virtues, and of the intrepidity with which the famous enthusiast wrote with a red-hot iron on her bosom the characters of the holy name Jesus. The girl of twelve years old was bent on copying these achievements on her little scale. She relieved, taught, and waited on the poor; and, for lack of the red-hot iron or the courage, sewed on to her breast with a large needle a piece of paper containing the name of Christ. She even forged a letter to secure her admission to a conventual establishment as a nun. The deceit was immediately detected; but the attempt shows how much more favorable was the religious atmosphere in which she grew up to the prosperity of convents than to the inculcation of truth.

With ripening years religion gave place to vanity. Her handsome person and brilliant conversational powers fitted her to shine in society. She began to love dress, and feel jealous of rival beauties. Like St. Theresa, at the same age, she sat up far into the night devouring romances. Her autobiography records her experience of the mischievous effects of those tales of chivalry and passion. When nearly sixteen, it was arranged that she should marry the wealthy M. Guyon. This gentleman, whom she had seen but three days before her marriage, was twenty-two years older than herself.

The faults she had were of no very grave description, but her husband's house was destined to prove for several years a pitiless school for their correction. He lived with his mother, a vulgar and hard-hearted woman. Her low and penurious habits were unaffected by their wealth; and in the midst of riches, she was happiest scolding in the kitchen about some farthing matter. She appears to have hated Madame Guyon with all the strength of her narrow mind. M. Guyon loved his wife after his selfish sort. If she was ill, he was inconsolable. If any one spoke against her, he flew into a passion; yet, at the instigation of his mother, he was continually treating her with harshness. An artful servant girl, who tended his gouty leg, was permitted daily to mortify and insult his wife. Madame Guyon had been accustomed at home to elegance and refinement — beneath her husband's roof she found politeness contemned and rebuked as pride. When she spoke she had been listened to with attention — now she could not open her mouth without contradiction. She was charged with presuming to show them how to talk, reproved for disputatious forwardness, and rudely silenced. She could never go to see her parents without having bitter speeches to bear

on her return. They, on their part, reproached her with unnatural indifference towards her own family for the sake of her new connexions. The ingenious malignity of her mother-in-law filled every day with fresh vexations. The high spirit of the young girl was completely broken. She had already gained a reputation for cleverness and wit—now she sat nightmared in company, nervous, stiff, and silent, the picture of stupidity. At every assemblage of their friends she was marked out for some affront, and every visitor at the house was instructed in the catalogue of her offences. Sad thoughts would come—how different might all this have been had she been suffered to select some other suitor! But it was too late. The brief romance of her life was gone indeed. There was no friend into whose heart she could pour her sorrows. Meanwhile, she was indefatigable in the discharge of every duty—she endeavored by kindness, by cheerful forbearance, by returning good for evil, to secure some kinder treatment—she was ready to cut out her tongue that she might make no passionate reply—she reproached herself bitterly for the tears she could not hide. But these coarse, hard natures were not so to be won. Her magnanimity surprised but did not soften minds to which it was utterly incomprehensible.

Her best course would have been self-assertion and war to the very utmost. She would have been justified in demanding her right to be mistress in her own house—in declaring it incompatible with the obligations binding upon either side that a third party should be permitted to sow dissension between a husband and wife—in putting her husband, finally to the choice between his wife and his mother. M. Guyon is the type of a large class of men. They stand high in the eye of the world—and not altogether undeservedly—as men of principle. But their domestic circle is the scene of cruel wrongs from want of reflection, from a selfish, passionate inconsiderateness. They would be shocked at the charge of an act of barbarity towards a stranger, but they will inflict years of mental distress on those most near to them, for want of decision, self-control, and some conscientious estimate of what their home duties truly involve. Had the obligations he neglected, the wretchedness of which he was indirectly the author, been brought fairly before the mind of M. Guyon, he would probably have determined on the side of justice, and a domestic revolution would have been the consequence. But Madame Guyon conceived herself bound to suffer in silence. Looking back on those miserable days she traced a Father's care in the discipline she endured. Providence had transplanted Self from a garden, where it expanded to love and praise, to a

highway where every passing foot might trample it in the dust.

A severe illness brought her more than once to the brink of the grave. She heard of her danger with indifference, for life had no attraction. Heavy losses befell the family—she could feel no concern. To end her days in a hospital was even an agreeable anticipation. Poverty and disgrace could bring no change which would not be more tolerable than her present suffering. She labored, with little success, to find comfort in religious exercises. She examined herself rigidly, confessed with frequency, strove to subdue all care about her personal appearance, and while her maid arranged her hair—how, she cared not—was lost in the study of Thomas à Kempis. At length she consulted a Franciscan, a holy man, who had just emerged from a five years' solitude. "Madame," said he, "you are disappointed and perplexed because you seek without what you have within. Accustom yourself to seek God in your heart, and you will find him."

These words of the old Franciscan embody the response which has been uttered in every age by the oracle of mysticism. It has its truth and its falsehood, as men understand it. There is a legend of an artist, who was about to carve from a piece of costly sandal-wood an image of the Madonna; but the material was intractable—his hand seemed to have lost its skill—he could not approach his ideal. When about to relinquish his efforts in despair, a voice in a dream bade him shape the figure from the oak-block, which was about to feed his hearth. He obeyed, and produced a masterpiece. This story represents the truth which mysticism upholds when it appears as the antagonist of superstitious externalism. The materials of religious happiness lie, as it were, near at hand—among affections and desires which are homely, common, and of the fireside. Let the right direction, the heavenly influence, be received from without; and heaven is regarded with the love of home, and home sanctified by the hope of heaven. The far-fetched costliness of outward works—the restless, selfish bargaining with asceticism and with priestcraft for a priceless heaven, can never redeem and renew a soul to peace. But mysticism has not stopped here; it takes a step farther, and that step is false. It would seclude the soul too much from the external; and to free it from a snare, removes a necessary help. Like some overshadowing tree, it hides the rising plant from the force of storms, but it also intercepts the appointed sunshine—it protects, but it deprives—and beneath its boughs hardy weeds have grown more vigorously than precious grain. Removing, more or less, the counterpoise of the latter, in its zeal for the spirit, it promotes an in-

tense and morbid self-consciousness. Roger North tells us that when he and his brother stood on the top of the Monument, it was difficult for them to persuade themselves that their weight would not throw down the building. The dizzy elevation of the mystic produces a similar overweening sense of personality. Thus isolated in the air—abstracted so elaborately from earth and all its standards of comparison—his tendency has been, from the days of Plotinus downwards, to expand the Ego into the Infinite. It has been the dream of many a mystic, that he could elaborate from the depth of his own nature the whole promised land of religious truth, and perceive, by special revelation, rising from within all its green pastures and still waters—somewhat as Pindar describes the sun beholding the isle of Rhodes emerging from the bottom of the ocean—new born, yet perfect—in all the beauty of glade and fountain, of grassy upland and silver tarn, of marble crag and overhanging wood, sparkling from the brine as after a summer shower. The traditions of every nation have embellished with their utmost wealth of imagination some hidden spot upon the surface of the earth, which they have portrayed as secluded from all the tumult and the pain of time—a serene Eden—an ever-sunny Tempe—a vale of Avalon—a place beyond the sterner laws and rougher visitations of the common world—a fastness of perpetual calm, before which the tempests may blow their challenging horns in vain—they can win no entrance. Such, to the fancy of the Middle Age, was the famous temple of the Sangreal, with its dome of sapphire, its six-and-thirty towers, its crystal crosses, and its hangings of green samite—guarded by its knights, girded by impenetrable forests—glittering on the onyx summit of Mount Salvage, forever invisible to every eye impure, inaccessible to every failing or faithless heart. Such, to the Hindoo, was the Cridavana meadow, among the heights of Mount Sitanta, full of flowers, of the song of birds, the hum of bees—

Languishing winds and murmuring falls of waters.

Such was the secret mountain Kinkadulle, celebrated by Olaus Magnus, which stood in a region, now covered only by moss or snow, but luxuriant once, in less degenerate days, with the spontaneous growth of every pleasant bough and goodly fruit. What places like these have been to the popular mind—even such a refuge for the Ideal from the pursuit of the Actual—that the attainment of Ecstasy, the height of Contemplation, the bliss of Union, has been for the mystic. He aims, by painfully unclenching his nature of all the integuments of sense, of passion, of imagination, of thought, by threading back

the path of being to its Source—to reach a simplicity and a rest in which the primal essence of himself will be overshadowed by the immediate presence of the Infinite; and, lost in glory, will love and gaze and know, without the grosser appliances of visible media, beyond the laborious processes of the reason, or the phantasmagoria of the imagination, by a contact “above all means or mode,” ineffable as Deity itself. But the unnatural ambition defeats itself, and the aspirant, instead of soaring to the empyrean, drifts, buffeted about, in the airy limbo of hallucination. Instead of rising above the infirmities of our nature, and the common laws of life, he becomes the sport of the idlest phantasy, the victim of the most humiliating reaction. The excited and overwrought temperament mistakes every vibration of the fevered nerves for a manifestation from without; as, in the solitude, the silence, and the glare of a great desert, travellers have seemed to hear distinctly the church bells of their native village. In such cases an extreme susceptibility of the organ, induced by peculiarities of climate, gives to a mere conception or memory the power of an actual sound; and, in a similar way, the mystic has often both tempted and enraptured himself—his own breath has made both the “airs from heaven,” and the “blast from hell;” and the attempt to annihilate Self has ended at last in leaving nothing but Self behind. When the tide of enthusiasm has ebbed, and the channel has become dry, simply because humanity cannot long endure a strain so excessive, then that magician and master of legerdemain, the Fancy, is summoned to recall, to eke out, or to interpret the mystical experience; then that fantastic acrobat, Affectation, is admitted to play its tricks—just as when the waters of the Nile are withdrawn the canals of Cairo are made the stage on which the jugglers exhibit their feats of skill to the crowds on either bank.

To return to Madame Guyon. From the hour of that interview with the Franciscan she was a mystic. The secret of the interior life flashed upon her in a moment. She had been starving in the midst of fulness; God was near, not afar off; the kingdom of heaven was within her. The love of God took possession of her soul with an inexpressible happiness. Beyond question, her heart apprehended in that joy the great truth that God is love—that He is more ready to forgive, than we to ask forgiveness—that He is not an austere being whose regard is to be purchased by rich gifts, tears, and penance. This emancipating, sanctifying belief became the foundation of her religion. She raised on this basis of true spirituality a mystical superstructure, in which there was some hay and stubble, but the corner-stone had first

been rightly laid, never to be removed from its place.

Prayer, which had before been so difficult, was now delightful and indispensable; hours passed away like moments—she could scarcely cease from praying. Her trials seemed great no longer; her inward joy consumed, like a fire, the reluctance, the murmur, and the sorrow, which had their birth in self. A spirit of confiding peace, a sense of rejoicing possession, pervaded all her days. God was continually present with her, and she seemed completely yielded up to God. She appeared to feel herself, and to behold all creatures, as immersed in the gracious omnipresence of the Most High. In her adoring contemplation of the Divine presence, she found herself frequently unable to employ any words, or to pray for any particular blessings. She was then little more than twenty years of age. The ardor of her devotion would not suffer her to rest even here. It appeared to her that self was not yet sufficiently suppressed. There were some things she chose as pleasant, other things she avoided as painful. She was possessed with the notion that every choice which can be referred to self is selfish, and therefore criminal.

On this principle Esop's traveller, who gathered his cloak about him in the storm, and relinquished it in the sunshine, should be stigmatized as a selfish man, because he thought only of his own comfort, and did not remember at the moment his family, his country, or his Maker. It is not regard for self which makes us selfish, but regard for self to the exclusion of due regard for others. But the zeal of Madame Guyon blinded her to distinctions such as these. She became filled with an insatiable desire of suffering. She resolved to force herself to what she disliked, and deny herself what was gratifying, that the mortified senses might at last have no choice whatever. She displayed the most astonishing power of will in her efforts to annihilate her will. Every day she took the discipline with scourges pointed with iron. She tore her flesh with brambles, thorns, and nettles. Her rest was almost destroyed by the pain she endured. She was in very delicate health, continually falling ill, and could eat scarcely anything. Yet she forced herself to eat what was most nauseous to her; she often kept wormwood in her mouth, and put coloquintida in her food, and when she walked she placed stones in her shoes. If a tooth ached she would bear it without seeking a remedy; when it ached no longer she would go and have it extracted. She imitated Madame Chantal in dressing the sores of the poor, and ministering to the wants of the sick. On one occasion she found that she could not seek the indulgence offered by her church for remitting some of the pains of

purgatory. At that time she felt no doubt concerning the power of the priest to grant such absolution, but she thought it wrong to desire to escape any suffering. She was afraid of resembling those mercenary souls who are afraid not so much of displeasing God, as of the penalties attached to sin. She was too much in earnest for visionary sentimentalism. Her efforts manifest a serious practical endeavor after that absolute disinterestedness which she erroneously thought both attainable and enjoined. She was far from attaching any expiatory value to these acts of voluntary mortification; they were a means to an end. When she believed that end attained in the entire death of self, she relinquished them. In a similar spirit, the Subbian mystic Suso, in the fourteenth century, at length abandoned a course of austerity far more severe, at the suggestion of the famous Tauler. The fact that such inflictions were discontinued, as requisite no longer, shows that their object was discipline, not atonement. Many of those mystics who carried them to the greatest length would have shrunk with horror from the idea of relying on their own sufferings for salvation, instead of, or in addition to, the merits of the Saviour. The rigid self-scrutiny of Madame Guyon was constantly discovering selfishness in what had seemed innocent, pride in what once looked praiseworthy. She was struggling through the mortification of the senses towards the higher mortification of the will. Her aim was totally to lose her own activity; to desire nothing, to do nothing, but from the prompting of the Christ formed within; to substitute God for the annihilated self in the inmost of the soul. Some mystics have carried this so far as to believe that they became themselves a revelation, almost an incarnation of Deity, every thought an inspiration, every act divine. Madame Guyon was saved from such excesses. Like the more sober Quakers, she was willing that the Outer should direct the Inner Light. But she did not escape the lesser error of frequently mistaking her own impulses for divine motions, and endeavoring to read in the mysteries of Providence the immediate will of God. With all the mystics she interpreted too literally the language of St. Paul, "I live, yet no more I, but Christ liveth in me."

Situated as Madame Guyon now was, her mind had no resource but to collapse upon itself, and the feelings so painfully pent up became proportionately vehement. She found a friend in one Mère Granger, but her she could see seldom, mostly by stealth. An ignorant confessor joined her mother-in-law and husband in the attempt to hinder her from prayer and religious exercises. She endeavored in everything to please her husband, but he complained that she loved God so

much she had no love left for him. She was watched day and night; she dared not stir from her mother-in-law's chamber or her husband's bedside. If she took her work apart to the window they followed her there to see that she was not in prayer. When her husband went abroad, he forbade her to pray in his absence. The affections even of her child were taken from her, and the boy was taught to disobey and insult his mother. Thus utterly alone, Madame Guyon, while apparently engaged in ordinary matters, was constantly in a state of abstraction; her mind was elsewhere, rapt in devout contemplation. She was in company without hearing a word that was said. She went out into the garden to look at the flowers, and could bring back no account of them; the eye of her reverie could mark nothing actually visible. When playing at piquet, to oblige her husband, this "interior attraction" was often more powerfully felt than even when at church. In her Autobiography she describes her experience as follows:—

The spirit of prayer was nourished and increased from their contrivances and endeavors to disallow me any time for practising it. I loved without motive or reason for loving; for nothing passed in my head, but much in the innermost of my soul. I thought not about any recompense, gift, or favor, or anything which regards the lover. The Well-beloved was the only object which attracted my heart wholly to himself. I could not contemplate his attributes. I knew nothing else but to *love* and to *suffer*. O, ignorance more truly learned than any science of the Doctors, since it so well taught me Jesus Christ crucified, and brought me to be in love with his holy cross! In its beginning I was attracted with so much force, that it seemed as if my head was going to join my heart. I found that insensibly my body bent in spite of me. I did not then comprehend from whence it came; but have learned since, that as all passed in the will, which is the sovereign of the powers, that attracted the others after it, and reunited them in God, their divine centre and sovereign happiness. And as these powers were then unaccustomed to be united, it required the more violence to effect that union. Wherefore it was the more perceived. Afterwards it became so strongly riveted as to seem to be quite natural. This was so strong that I could have wished to die, in order to be inseparably united without any interstice to Him who so powerfully attracted my heart. As all passed in the will, the imagination and the understanding being absorbed in it, in a union of enjoyment, I knew not what to say, having never read or heard of such a state as I experienced; for before this I had known nothing of the operations of God in souls. I had only read "*Philothea*" (written by St. Francis de Sales), with the "*Imitation of Christ*" (by Thomas à Kempis), and the Holy Scriptures; also the "*Spiritual Combat*," which mentions none of these things. — *The Life of Lady Guyon, by Herself; Anon. Trans. 1772, p. 87.*

In this extract she describes strange physical sensations as accompanying her inward emotion. The intense excitement of the soul assumes, in her over-strained and secluded imagination, the character of a corporeal seizure. The sickly frame, so morbidly sensitive, appears to participate in the supernatural influences communicated to the spirit. On a subsequent occasion she speaks of herself as so oppressed by the fullness of the divine manifestations imparted to her, as to be compelled to loosen her dress. More than once some of those who sat next her imagined that they perceived a certain marvellous efflux of grace proceeding from her to themselves. She believed that many persons for whom she was interceding with great fervor, were sensible at the time of an extraordinary gracious influence instantaneously vouchsafed, and that her spirit communicated mysteriously, "in the Lord," with the spirits of those dear to her when far away. She traced a special intervention of Providence in the fact that she repeatedly "felt a strong draught to the door" just when it was necessary to go out to receive a secret letter from her friend, Mère Granger; that the rain should have held up precisely when she was on her road to or from mass; and that at the very intervals when she was able to steal out to hear it, some priest was always found performing, or ready to perform, the service, though at a most unusual hour.

Imaginary as all this may have been, the Church of Rome at least had no right to brand with the stigma of extravagance any such transference of the spiritual to the sensuous, of the metaphysical to the physical. The fancies of Madame Guyon in this respect are innocent enough in comparison with the monstrosities devised by Romish marvel-mongers to exalt her saints withal. St. Philip Neri was so inflamed with love to God as to be insensible to all cold, and burned with such a fire of devotion that his body, divinely feverish, could not be cooled by exposure to the wildest winter night. For two and fifty years he was the subject of a supernatural palpitation, which kept his bed and chair, and everything movable about him, in a perpetual tremble. For that space of time his breast was miraculously swollen to the thickness of a fist above his heart. On a post-mortem examination of the holy corpse, it was found that two of the ribs had been broken to allow the sacred ardor of his heart more room to play! The doctors swore solemnly that the phenomenon could be nothing less than a miracle. A divine hand had thus literally "enlarged the heart" of the devotee. St. Philip enjoyed, with many other saints, the privilege of being miraculously elevated into the air by the fervor of his heavenward aspirations. And this is the worthy whose worship

is revived by our Oratorians, with the famous Dr. Newman at their head, in the nineteenth century. The *Acta Sanctorum* relates how Ida of Louvain—seized with an overwhelming desire to present her gifts with the wise men to the child Jesus—received, on the eve of the Three Kings, the distinguished favor of being permitted to swell to a terrific size, and then gradually to return to her original dimensions. On another occasion, she was gratified by being thrown down in the street in an ecstasy, and enlarging so that her horror-stricken attendant had to embrace her with all her might to keep her from bursting. The noses of eminent saints have been endowed with so subtle a sense that they have detected the stench of concealed sins, and enjoyed, as a literal fragrance, the well-known odor of sanctity. St. Philip Neri was frequently obliged to hold his nose and turn away his head when confessing very wicked people. In walking the streets of some depraved Italian town, the poor man must have endured all the pains of Coleridge in Cologne, where, he says,

I counted two-and-seventy stenches,
All well defined, and several stinks!

Maria of Oignys received what theurgic mysticism calls the gift of jubilation. For three days and nights upon the point of death, she sang without remission her ecstatic swan-song, at the top of a voice whose hoarseness was miraculously healed. She felt as though the wing of an angel were spread upon her breast, thrilling her heart with the rapture, and pouring from her lips the praises, of the heavenly world. With the melodious modulation of an inspired recitative, she descanted on the mysteries of the Trinity and the incarnation—improvised profound expositions of the Scripture—invoked the saints, and interceded for her friends. A nun who visited Catharina Ricci in her ecstasy, saw with amazement her face transformed into the likeness of the Redeemer's countenance. St. Hildegard, in the enjoyment and description of her visions, and in the utterance of her prophecies, was inspired with a complete theological terminology hitherto unknown to mortals. A glossary of the divine tongue was long preserved among her manuscripts at Wiesbaden. It is recorded in the life of St. Veronica of Binasco, that she received the miraculous gift of tears in a measure so copious that the spot where she knelt appeared as though a jug of water had been overset there. She was obliged to have an earthen vessel ready in her cell to receive the supernatural efflux, which filled it frequently to the weight of several Milan pounds! Ida of Nivelles, when in an ecstasy one day, had it revealed to her that a dear friend was at the same moment in the same condition. The friend also was simultaneously made aware

that Ida was immersed in the same abyss of divine light with herself. Thenceforward they were as one soul in the Lord, and the Virgin Mary appeared to make a third in the saintly fellowship. Ida was frequently enabled to communicate with spiritual personages, without words, after the manner of angelic natures. On one occasion, when at a distance from a priest to whom she was much attached, both she and the holy man were entranced at the same time; and, when rapt to heaven, he beheld her in the presence of Christ, at whose command she communicated to him by a spiritual kiss a portion of the grace with which she herself had been so richly endowed. Clara of Montefalco, a saint who died at the beginning of the fourteenth century, had in a vision given her heart to Christ, that it might be crucified. She lived thenceforward in perpetual contemplation of the passion. After death, her heart, which had enlarged to the size of a child's head, was extracted and preserved in a vessel near the altar. With trembling and with tears her sisters of the cloister ventured to open it with a knife. On the right side they found, completely formed, a little figure of Christ upon the cross, about the size of a thumb. On the left, under what resembled the bloody cloth, lay the instruments of the passion, the crown of thorns, the nails, &c. So sharp was the miniature lance, that the Vicar-General Berengarius, commissioned to assist at the examination by the Bishop of Spoleto, pricked therewith his reverend finger. This marvel was surpassed in the eighteenth century by a miracle more piquant still. Veronica Giuliani caused a drawing to be made of the many forms and letters which she declared had been supernaturally modelled within her heart. To the exultation of the faithful—and the everlasting confusion of all Jews, Protestants, and Turks—a post-mortem examination disclosed the accuracy of her description, to the minutest point. There were the sacred initials in a large and distinct Roman character, the crown of thorns, two flames, seven swords, the spear, the reed, &c.—all arranged just as in the diagram she had furnished. The diocese of Liege was edified, in the twelfth century, by seeing, in the person of the celebrated Christina Mirabilis, how completely the upward tendency of protracted devotion might vanquish the law of gravitation. So strongly was she drawn away from this gross earth, that the difficulty was to keep her on the ground. She was continually flying up to the tops of lonely towers and trees, there to enjoy a rapture with the angels, and a roost with the birds. In the frequency, the elevation, and the duration of her ascents into the air, she surpassed even the high-flown devotion of St. Peter of Alcantara, who was often seen suspended high above the fig-trees which over-

shadowed his hermitage at Badajos — his eyes upturned, his arms outspread — while the servant, sent to summon him to dinner, gazed with open mouth, and sublimary cabbage cooled below. The limbs of Christina lost the rigidity, as her body lost the grossness, common to vulgar humanity. In her ecstasies she was contracted into the spherical form — her head was drawn inward and downward towards her breast, and she rolled up like a hedgehog. When her relatives wished to take and secure her, they had to employ a man to hunt her like a bird. Having started his game, he had a long run across country before he brought her down, in a very unsportsmanlike manner, by a stroke with his bludgeon which broke her shin. When a few miracles had been wrought to vindicate her aërostatic mission, she was allowed to fly about in peace. She has occupied, ever since, the first place in the ornithology of Roman Catholic saintship. Such are a few of the specimens which might be collected in multitudes from Romanist records, showing how that communion has bestowed its highest favor on the most coarse and materialized apprehensions of spiritual truth. Extravagant inventions, such as these — monstrous as the adventures of Baron Munchausen, without their wit — have been invested with the sanction and defended by the thunder of the Papal chair. Yet this very Church of Rome incarcerated Molinos and Madame Guyon as dangerous enthusiasts.

We have seen Madame Guyon at twenty an unconscious and self-taught adept in some of the highest doctrines of the mystical theology. When she speaks of herself as unable to contemplate any of the attributes of God — as finding the understanding and the imagination active no longer, because wholly swallowed up in the union of the will, she describes her practical experience of that exaltation which mystical divines have labored to define. Of Dionysius Areopagita, the great authority of mysticism throughout the middle age, she knew nothing. She was ignorant of Bernard's four degrees of love, of that eye of contemplation, analyzed and extolled by Hugo of St. Victor — of the six stages of contemplation, so minutely graduated by the scholasticism of his successor, Richard. With the German mystics she could have no acquaintance. Yet the ponderous tomes of the famous hierophant, Dionysius, propose nothing more than to conduct the soul of the aspirant by an elaborate process to the very point which the ardent Frenchwoman had virtually attained at once by what appeared an indescribable necessity of her devotion.

This is a fact more singular in appearance than in reality. The principle of the Mystical Theology, bequeathed to Christendom by Dionysius, was this: all creation, all revelation, is symbolical. It is only figuratively

that anything can be affirmed of God. He is above all names. He is not wise, but more than wise; not good, but more than good. Hence the paradox that all manifestation of the Infinite is at the same time a veil — that the more we deny concerning God, the more truly, in reality, do we announce him. This is the Way of Negation (*Via apophatica*). The candidate for that closest approximation to God, which is the privilege of a few select souls, is counselled to remove, one by one, these curtains of symbol, to press beyond the manifestations to the Ineffable, Nameless, One. He is to ignore all intellectual apprehensions (*τὰς γνωστικὰς ἀντιλήψεις*) and to lose himself in the Divine Dark.* In that holy night, gloomy from excess of glory, all the faculties of the mind are suspended; all reflex acts cease; all attributes, propositions, doctrines, are forgotten. The soul has entered within the inmost veil, is in immediate communion with the unrevealed Godhead, and is conscious only of an overwhelming sense of the Divine presence, which excludes all specific thought, all forms, all images.

This negation is easy. To attain it learned divines had to ignore at such times the enormous structure of scholastic erudition. Madame Guyon knew little of theology, had little to put off, and could speedily reduce herself to this "divine ignorance." This is the practicable part of mysticism. It confounds the indefinite with the infinite. Its great error in this respect consists in supposing that by denuding ourselves of definite apprehension, shutting out all positive notions and distinctions, we therefore rise above them. We are not higher, but lower, as the consequence. A vague consciousness of awe is not a better substitute, but a worse, for clear practical convictions resting on a given revelation. This ambitious devotion disdains the assistance which God has provided. It puts a vast wilderness of abstract being in the place of "the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ." The system of Dionysius is founded in great part on the pantheism of Proclus, baptized and gorgeously apparelled in sacerdotal vestments. His writings advocate, in the language of a corrupt eloquence, the principles of a corrupt philosophy and a corrupt religion. The scriptural knowledge Madame Guyon possessed, her good sense, and right feeling, prevented her from even verging in fact towards the more dangerous consequences of such a theosophy. The principle to which we have alluded is, however, common, in various degrees, to a large class of mystics. In the fourteenth century, Master Eckart announced it in startling language, when he preached to the merchants and the monks of

* Dion. Areop., *De Mystica Theologia*, cap. i., §§ 1, 3.

Cologne. He distinguished between God and the Godhead. His hearers shuddered as he cried out, "I must be quit of God!" He meant that the soul must strive to pierce beyond the revealed God—beyond his character and word—beyond the Father, the Son, the Spirit, to the Ground, the Abyss of Deity, he called the Godhead. Tauler, while tending the sick and the dying, while lifting up his voice against the Pope, while animating the patriot spirit of Germany against the intrigues of France and the anathemas of Avignon, repeated this doctrine continually, in wiser words and a more reverent spirit. He preached the great message of mercy in their own tongue to the multitude. But he called upon the few to yield themselves up—knowing nothing, and desiring nothing—to the unknown God. He spoke of a state of nature, a state of grace, and a state above grace, wherein those means and attributes, which aided and allured the soul in its earlier stage, are succeeded by a state of perfect union, and absolute, self-annihilating love. From the heart of an ancient forest in the neighborhood immortalized by Waterloo, Ruysbroek, the mystic, wrote against the excesses of mysticism. Yet he, too, inculcates, in confused and tumid phrase, a rapturous commerce with God which transcends all language, all conception, all modes, all media. The impassioned Suso, the Minnesinger of mysticism, scarred and emaciated by years of cruel austerity, wrote down, in his cell washed by the waters of the lake of Constance, the conversation of the Servant with the Everlasting Wisdom. There he describes the absorption of the soul in "the wild waste" (*die wilden wuesten*) of Deity, and how it swims and is dissolved in the fathomless abyss of the inscrutable Godhead (*in daz tief ab gründe der wieslosen gottheit*). We shall find occasion as we proceed to point out the characteristic differences between these mystics of the fourteenth century and French mysticism in the seventeenth.

Madame Guyon had still some lessons to learn. On a visit to Paris, the glittering equipages of the park, and the gayeties of St. Cloud, revived the old love of seeing and being seen. During a tour in the provinces with her husband, flattering visits and graceful compliments everywhere followed such beauty, such accomplishments, and such virtue, with a delicate and intoxicating applause. Vanity—dormant, but not dead—awoke within her for the last time. She acknowledged, with bitter self-reproach, the power of the world, the weakness of her own resolves. In the spiritual desertion which ensued, she recognized the displeasure of her Lord, and was wretched. She applied to confessors—they were miserable comforters, all of them. They praised her while she

herself was filled with self-loathing. "She estimated the magnitude of her sins by the greatness of the favor which had been shown her. The bland worldliness of her religious advisers could not blind so true a heart, or pacify so wakeful a conscience. She found relief only in a repentant renewal of her self-dedication to the Saviour, in renouncing forever the last remnant of confidence in any strength of her own."

It was about this period that she had a remarkable conversation with a beggar, whom she found upon a bridge, as, followed by her footman, she was walking one day to church. This singular mendicant refused her offered alms—spoke to her of God and divine things—and then of her own state, her devotion, her trials, and her faults. He declared that God required of her not merely to labor as others did to secure their salvation, that they might escape the pains of hell, but to aim at such perfection and purity in this life, as to escape those of purgatory. She asked him who he was. He replied, that he had formerly been a beggar, but now was such no more;—mingled with the stream of people, and she never saw him afterwards.

This incident is not unimportant. It betrays the existence of perfectionist doctrine among the religious minds of the time, and indicates one great cause of the hostility with which that principle was assailed when subsequently proclaimed by Madame Guyon. She believed that God frequently visited the souls he most loved with inflictions of spiritual anguish—an inward consuming fire of distress, which was identical, both in character and object, with the purifying flame of purgatory. This interior purgation was designed to chastise transgression—to cleanse away the dross of self-dependence and of worldliness—to annihilate all selfish longings after even spiritual gifts and pleasures for their own sake—and to render the soul pure and passive, a perfect sacrifice to God. Madame Guyon must have been aware that such a present and complete sanctification, if realized, would render purgatory needless. But, so far from giving any prominence to such a conclusion, she would probably have hesitated expressly to deduce it. Quietism, which aspires to a love disinterested even as regards perdition, could not dwell with satisfaction on the prospect of avoiding purgatory. Yet the mere announcement of such a perfection as possible—and possible by such a course, especially when welcomed as it was by numbers—revealed to the suspicious vigilance of priestcraft all it had to fear. If such a tenet prevailed, the lucrative traffic of indulgences was on the verge of bankruptcy. No devotee would impoverish himself to buy exemption hereafter from a purifying process which he believed himself now experiencing

in the hourly sorrows he patiently endured. The soul which struggled to escape itself — to rise, beyond the gifts of God, to God — to ascend, beyond words and means, to a repose in God, which desired only the Divine Will, feared only the Divine displeasure, and sought to ignore its own capacities and power, would attach paramount importance no longer to the powers of the priesthood and the ritual of the Church. The Quietist might believe himself sincere in orthodoxy, might bow submissively to every ecclesiastical dictate, might choose him a director, and might reverence the sacrament. But such abasement and such ambition — distress so deep, and aims so lofty — were alike beyond the reach of the ordinary confessional. The oily syllables of absolution would drop in vain on the troubled waves of a nature stirred to its inmost depths. It could receive peace only from the very hand of God. Thus priestly mediation would occupy a secondary place. The value of relics and of masses, of penances and paternosters, would everywhere fall. An absolute indifference to self-interest would induce indifference also to those priestly baits by which that self-interest was allured. Such were the anticipations which urged the Jesuits of Rome to pursue Molinos unto death with all the implacability of fear. Their craft was in danger. *Hinc illa lachryma.*

The beauty of Madame Guyon had cost her tender conscience many a pang. She had wept and prayed over that secret love of display which had repeatedly induced her to mingle with the thoughtless amusements of the world. At four-and-twenty the virulence of the small-pox released her from that snare. M. Guyon was laid up with the gout. She was left when the disorder seized her to the tender mercies of her mother-in-law. That inhuman woman refused to allow any but her own physician to attend her, yet for him she would not send. The disease, unchecked, had reached its height when a medical man, passing that way, happened to call at the house. Shocked at the spectacle Madame Guyon presented, he was proceeding at once to bleed her, expressing, in no measured terms, his indignation at the barbarity of such neglect. The mother-in-law would not hear of such a thing. He performed the operation in spite of her threats and invectives, leaving her almost beside herself with rage. That lancet saved the life of Madame Guyon, and disappointed the relative who had hoped to see her die. When at length she recovered, she refused to avail herself of the cosmetics generally used to conceal the ravages of the disorder. Throughout her suffering she had never uttered a murmur, or felt a fear. She had even concealed the cruelty of her mother-in-law. She said, that if God had designed her to retain her beauty, He would not have

sent the scourge to remove it. Her friends expected to find her inconsolable — they heard her speak only of thankfulness and joy. Her confessor reproached her with spiritual pride. The affection of her husband was visibly diminished. Yet the heart of Madame Guyon overflowed with joy. It appeared to her that the God to whom she longed to be wholly given up had accepted her surrender, and was removing everything that might interpose between Himself and her.

The experience of Madame Guyon, hitherto, had been such as to teach her the surrender of every earthly source of gratification or ground of confidence. Yet one more painful stage on the road of self-annihilation remained to be traversed. She must learn to give up cheerfully even spiritual pleasures. In the year 1674, according to the probable calculation of Mr. Upham, she was made to enter what she terms a state of desolation, which lasted, with little intermission, for nearly seven years. All was emptiness, darkness, sorrow. She describes herself as cast down, like Nebuchadnezzar, from a throne of enjoyment, to live among the beasts. "Alas!" she exclaimed, "is it possible that this heart, formerly all on fire, should now become like ice!" The heavens were as brass, and shut out her prayers; horror and trembling took the place of tranquillity; hopelessly oppressed with guilt, she saw herself a victim destined for hell. In vain for her did the church doors open, the holy bells ring, the deep-voiced intonations of the priest arise and fall, the chanted psalm ascend, through clouds of azure wandering incense. The power and the charm of the service had departed. Of what avail was music to a burning wilderness athirst for rain? Gladly would she have had recourse to the vow, to the pilgrimage, to the penance, to any extremity of self-torture. She felt the impotence of such remedies for such anguish. She had no ear for comfort, no eye for hope, not even a voice for complaint.

During this period the emotional element of religion in her mind appears to have suffered an almost entire suspension. Regarding the loss of certain feelings of delight as the loss of the divine favor, she naturally sank deeper and deeper in despondency. A condition by no means uncommon in ordinary Christian experience assumed, in her case, a morbid character. Our emotions may be chilled, or kindled, in ever-varying degrees, from innumerable causes. We must accustom ourselves to the habitual performance of duty whether attended or not with feelings of a pleasurable nature. It is generally found that those powerful emotions of joy which attend, at first, the new and exalting consciousness of peace with God, subside after awhile. As we grow in religious strength and knowledge, a steady principle supplies

their place. We are refreshed, from time to time, by seasons of heightened joy and confidence, but we cease to be dependent upon feeling. At the same time, there is nothing in Scripture to check our desire for retaining as constantly as possible a sober gladness, for finding duty delightful, and the "joy of the Lord" our strength. These are the truths which the one-sided and unqualified expressions of Madame Guyon at once exaggerate and obscure.

During this dark interval M. Guyon died. His widow undertook the formidable task of settling his disordered affairs. Her brother gave her no assistance; her mother-in-law harassed and hindered to her utmost; yet Madame Guyon succeeded in arranging a chaos of papers, and bringing a hopeless imbroglio of business matters into order, with an integrity and a skill which excited universal admiration. She felt it was her duty; she believed that divine assistance was vouchsafed for its discharge. Of business, she says, she knew as little as of Arabic; but she knew not what she could accomplish till she tried. Minds far more visionary than hers have evinced a still greater aptitude for practical affairs. She never imagined, like Ignatius Loyola, that the mystery of the Trinity was unfolded to the immediate gaze of her mortal eyesight, or that time, before her exalted vision, rolled away its accumulated ages, and disclosed the secrets of creation, and the marvels of the six days. She dared not to dream, with Swedenborg, that the franchise of the celestial city was already hers — its topography and its legislature — its manners and its customs, revealed for her inspection — its saints and seraphim, her familiar visitants. Yet both Loyola and Swedenborg were eminent in different ways for expertness and promptitude in action, for accurate mastery of detail, for sagacious management of mankind. Like the Knight of La Mancha, they could display an excellent judgment in every province of life unoccupied by the illusions of their spiritual knight-errantry.

The twenty-second of July, 1680, is celebrated by Madame Guyon, as the happy era of her deliverance. A letter from La Combe was the instrument of a restoration as wonderful in her eyes as the bondage. This ecclesiastic had been first introduced by Madame Guyon into the path of mystical perfection. His name is associated with her own in the early history of the Quietist movement. He subsequently became her director, but was always more her disciple than her guide. His admiration for her amounted to a passion. Incessant persecution and long solitary imprisonment, combined, with devotional extravagance, to cloud with insanity at last an intellect never powerful. This feeble and affectionate soul perished, the victim of Quiet-

ism, and perhaps of love. It should not be forgotten, that before the inward condition of Madame Guyon changed thus remarkably for the better, her outward circumstances had undergone a similar improvement. She lived now in her own house, with her children about her. That Sycorax, her mother-in-law, dropped gall no longer into her daily cup of life. Domestic tormentors, worse than the goblins which buffeted St. Antony, assailed her peace no more. An outer sky grown thus serene, an air thus purified, may well have contributed to chase away the night of the soul, and to give to a few words of kindly counsel from La Combe the brightness of the day-star. Our simple-hearted enthusiast was not so absolutely indifferent as she thought herself to the changes of this transitory world.

Madame Guyon had now triumphantly sustained the last of those trials, which, like the probation of the ancient mysteries, made the porch of mystical initiation a passage terrible with pain and peril. Henceforward she is the finished Quietist; henceforward, when she relates her own experience, she describes Quietism. At times, when the children did not require her care, she would walk out into a neighboring wood, and there, under the shade of the trees, amidst the singing of the birds, she now passed as many happy hours as she had known months of sorrow. Her own language will best indicate the thoughts which occupied this peaceful retirement, and exhibit the principle there deepened and matured. She says here in her *Autobiography* : —

When I had lost all created supports, and even divine ones, I then found myself happily necessitated to fall into the pure divine, and to fall into it through all which seemed to remove me farther from it. In losing all the gifts, with all their supports, I found the Giver. O, poor creatures, who pass along all your time in feeding on the gifts of God, and think therein to be most favored and happy, how I pity you if ye stop here, short of the true rest, and cease to go forward to God, through resignation of the same gifts! How many pass all their lives this way, and think highly of themselves therein! There are others who, being designed of God to die to themselves, yet pass all their time in a dying life, and in inward agonies, without ever entering into God, through death and total loss; because they are always willing to retain something under plausible pretexes, and so never lose *self* to the whole extent of the designs of God. Wherefore, they never enjoy God in his fulness — a loss that will not perfectly be known until another life. — *Autobiography*, vol. i., p. 168.

She describes herself as having ceased from all self-originated action and choice. To her amazement and unspeakable happiness, it appeared as though all such natural movement existed no longer — a higher power had dis-

placed and occupied its room. "I even perceived no more (she continues) the soul which He had formerly conducted by his rod and His staff, because now He alone appeared to me, my soul having given up its place to Him. It seemed to me as if it was wholly and altogether passed into its God, to make but one and the same thing with Him; even as a little drop of water cast into the sea receives the qualities of the sea." She speaks of herself as now practising the virtues no longer as *virtues* — that is, not by separate and constrained efforts. It would have required effort *not* to practise them. The soul thus united with God "has imminent in itself the essence of all Christian virtues and duties, which naturally and without effort, as if a man should have them without knowing that he had them, develop themselves on appropriate occasions by their own law of action." — *Upham*, vol. i., p. 198.

Somewhat later she expresses herself in language rendered by Mr. Upham as follows: —

The soul passing out of itself by dying to itself necessarily passes into its divine object. This is the law of its transition. When it passes out of self, which is limited, and therefore is not God, and consequently is *evil*, it necessarily passes into the unlimited and universal, which is God, and therefore is the true good. My own experience seemed to me to be a verification of this. My spirit, disenthralled from selfishness, became united with and lost in God, its Sovereign, who attracted it more and more to Himself. And this was so much the case, that I could seem to see and know God only, and not myself. . . . It was thus that my soul was lost in God, who communicated to it his qualities, having drawn it out of all that it had of its own. . . . O, happy poverty, happy loss, happy nothing, which gives no less than God himself in his own immensity — no more circumscribed to the limited manner of the creation, but always drawing it out of that to plunge it wholly into his divine Essence! Then the soul knows that all the states of self-pleasing visions, of intellectual illuminations, of ecstasies and raptures, of whatever value they might once have been, are now rather obstacles than advancements; and that they are not of service in the state of experience which is far above them; because the state which has props or supports, which is the case with the merely illuminated and ecstatic state, rests in them in some degree, and has pain to lose them. But the soul cannot arrive at the state of which I am now speaking, without the loss of all such supports and helps. . . . The soul is then so submissive, and perhaps we may say so passive — that is to say, is so disposed equally to receive from the hand of God either good or evil — as is truly astonishing. It receives both the one and the other without any selfish emotions, letting them flow and be lost as they came. — Vol. i., pp. 262, 263.

These passages convey the substance of the doctrine which, illustrated and expressed in

various ways, pervades all the writings of Madame Guyon. This is the principle, adorned by the fancy of her *Torrents* and inculcated in the practical directions of her *Short Method of Prayer*. Such is the state to which Quietism proposes to conduct its votaries. In some places, she qualifies the strength of her expressions — she admits that we are not at all times equally conscious of this absolute union of the soul with its centre — the lower nature may not be always insensible to distress. But the higher, the inmost element of the soul is all the while profoundly calm, and recollection presently imparts a similar repose to the inferior nature. There is a separation here similar to that described by Richard of St. Victor, and other mystics, as the parting asunder of the soul and spirit. When the soul has thus passed, as she phrases it, out of the Nothing into the All, when its feet are set in "a large room" (nothing less, according to her interpretation, than the compass of Infinity), "a substantial or essential word" is spoken there. It is a continuous word, potent, ineffable, ever uttered without language. It is the immediate unchecked operation of resident Deity. What it speaks, it effects. It is blissful and mysterious as the language of heaven. We border here on the almost pantheistic maxim of Eckart, that God is what he does. With Madame Guyon, the events of Providence are God, and the decisions of the sanctified judgment respecting them are nothing less than the immediate voice of God in the soul. She compares the nature thus at rest in God to a tablet on which the divine hand writes — it must be held perfectly still, else the characters traced there will be distorted or incomplete. In her very humility she verges on the audacity which arrogates inspiration. If she, passive and helpless, really acts no more, the impulses she feels, her words, her actions, must all bear the impress of an infallible divine sanction. It is easy to see that her speech and action — always well-meant, but frequently ill-judged — were her own after all, though nothing of her own seemed left. She acknowledges that she was sometimes at a loss as to the course of duty. She was guided more than once by random passages of the Bible and the casual expressions of others, somewhat after the fashion of the *sortes Virgilianæ* and the omens of ancient Rome. Her knowledge of Scripture, the native power of her intellect, and the tenderness of her conscience, preserved her from pushing the doctrine of the inward light to its worst extreme. A few steps farther in that course and we meet with the mediæval fanatics who declared themselves a manifestation of the Holy Ghost — and with the prophetic jargon and fantastic outrage of the maddest followers of George Fox.

The errors of the doctrine which Madame

Guyon was henceforward to preach with so much self-denying love, so much intrepid constancy, appear to us to lie upon the surface. Quietism tends to confound together the evil and the finite. The limited existence of man is represented as inevitably evil, and as obliterated rather than restored by salvation. German pantheism has systematically elaborated this mistake. The early German mystics adorned it with all the flowers of their florid and vehement rhetoric. Our very individuality was made a crime.

Again, the passages we have given convey, unquestionably, the idea of a practical substitution of God for the soul in the case of the perfectly sanctified. This exaggeration continually recurs in the eloquent sermons of Tauler. The soul within the soul is Deity. When all is desolate, silent, the divine Majesty arises, thinks, feels, and acts, within the transformed humanity. It is quite true that, as sanctification progresses, Christian virtue becomes more easy as the new habit gains strength. In many respects it is true, as Madame Guyon says, that effort would be requisite to neglect or violate certain duties or commands rather than to perform them. But this facility results from the constitution of our nature. We carry on the new economy within with less outcry, less labor, less confusion and resistance than we did when the revolution was recent, but we carry it on still — working, with divine assistance. God works *in* man, but not *instead* of man. It is one thing to harmonize, in some measure, the human will with the divine, another to substitute divine volitions for the human. Every man has within him Conscience — the judge (often bribed or clamored down); Will — the marshal; Imagination — the poet; Understanding — the student; Desire — the merchant, venturing its store of affection, and gazing out on the future in search of some home-bound argosy of happiness. But all these powers are found untrue to their allegiance. The ermine — the baton — the song — the books — the merchandise, are at the service of a usurper — sin. When the Spirit renews the mind there is no massacre — no slaughterous sword filling with dead the streets of the soul's city, and making man the ruin of his former self. These faculties are restored to loyalty, and reinstated under God. Then Conscience gives verdict, for the most part, according to the divine statute-book and is habitually obeyed. Then the lordly Will assumes again a lowly yet noble vassalage. Then the dream of Imagination is a dream no longer, for the reality of heaven transcends it. Then the Understanding burns the magic books in the market-place, and breaks the wand of its curious arts — but studies still, for eternity as well as time. The activity of Desire amasses still, according to its nature

— for *some* treasure man must have. But the treasure is on earth no longer. It is the advantage of such a religion that the very same laws of our being guide our spiritual and our natural life. The same self-control and watchful diligence which built up the worldly habits towards the summit of success, may be applied at once to those habits which ripen us for heaven. The old experience will serve. But the mystic can find no common point between himself and other men. He is cut off from them, for he believes he has another constitution of being, inconceivable by them — not merely other tastes and a higher aim. The *object* of Christian love may be inconceivable, but the affection itself is not so. It is dangerous to represent it as a mysterious and almost incomprehensible sentiment, which finds no parallel in our experience elsewhere. Our faith in Christ, as well as our love to Christ, are similar to our faith and love as exercised towards our fellow-creatures. Regeneration imparts no new faculty, it gives only a new direction to the old.

Quietism opposed to the mercenary religion of the common and consistent Romanism around it, the doctrine of disinterested love. Revolving from the coarse machinery of a corrupt system, it took refuge in an unnatural refinement. The love inculcated in Scripture is equally remote from the impracticable indifference of Quietism and the commercial principle of Superstition. Long ago, at Alexandria, Philo endeavored to escape from an effete and carnal Judaism, to a similar elevation. The Persian Sufis were animated with the same ambition in reaction against the frigid legalism of the creed of Islam. Extreme was opposed to extreme, in like manner, when Quietism, disgusted with the unblushing inconsistencies of nominal Christianity, proclaimed its doctrine of *perfection* — of complete sanctification by faith. This is not a principle peculiar to mysticism. It is of little practical importance. It is difficult to see how it can be applied to individual experience. The man who has reached such a state of purity must be the last to know it. If we do not, by some strange confusion of thought, identify ourselves with God, the nearer we approach Him the more profoundly must we be conscious of our distance. As in a still water we may see reflected the bird that sings in an overhanging tree, and the bird that soars towards the zenith — the image deepest as the ascent is highest — so is it with our approximation to the Infinite Holiness. Madame Guyon admits that she found it necessary jealously to guard humility, to watch and pray — that her state was one only of "*comparative immutability*." It appears to us that perfection is prescribed as a goal ever to be approached, but ever practically inaccessible. Whatever degree of

sanctification any one may have attained, it must always be possible to conceive of a state yet more advanced; it must always be a duty diligently to labor towards it.

Quietist as she was, few lives have been more busy than that of Madame Guyon with the activities of an indefatigable benevolence. It was only self-originated action which she strove to annihilate. In her case, Quietism contained a reformatory principle. Genuflexions and crossings were of little value in comparison with inward abasement and crucifixion. The prayers repeated by rote in the oratory were immeasurably inferior to that Prayer of Silence she so strongly commends—that prayer which, unlimited to times and seasons, unhindered by words, is a state rather than an act—a continuous sense of submission, which breathes, moment by moment, from the serene depth of the soul, “Thy will be done.” But we must not suppose that all who embraced Quietism were so far enlightened as its ardent and intrepid apostle. Mysticism was not, in reality, a phenomenon new to the priesthood. They were prepared to turn that, like everything else, to their own advantage. The artful director made the doctrine of passivity very serviceable. It was attractive to feeble minds, and out of it he forged their fetters. Their passivity must be submission to *him*, who was to be to them as God.

As contrasted with the mysticism of St. Theresa, that of Madame Guyon appears to great advantage. She guards her readers against attempting to form any image of God. She aspires to an intellectual elevation—a spiritual intuition, above the sensuous region of theurgy, of visions, and of dreams. She saw no Jesuits in heaven bearing white banners among the heavenly throng of the redeemed. She beheld no devil, “like a little negro,” sitting on her breviary. She did not hear the voice of Christ “like a low whistle.” She did not see the Saviour in an ecstasy drawing the nail out of his hand. She felt no large white dove fluttering above her head.* But she did not spend her days in founding convents—a slave to the interests of the clergy. So they made a saint of Theresa, and a confessor of Madame Guyon.

In the summer of 1681, Madame Guyon, now thirty-four years of age, quitted Paris for Gex, a town lying at the foot of the Jura, about twelve miles from Geneva. It was arranged that she should take some part in the foundation and management of a new religious and charitable institution there. A period of five years was destined to elapse before her return to the capital. During this interval, she resided successively at Gex,

Thonon, Turin, and Grenoble. Wherever she went, she was indefatigable in works of charity, and also in the diffusion of her peculiar doctrines concerning self-abandonment and disinterested love. Strong in the persuasion of her divine mission, she could not rest without endeavoring to influence the minds around her. The singular charm of her conversation won a speedy ascendancy over nearly all with whom she came in contact. It is easy to see how a remarkable natural gift in this direction contributed both to the attempt and the success. But the Quietist had buried nature, and to nature she would owe nothing—these conversational powers could be, in her eyes, only a special gift of utterance from above. This mistake reminds us of the story of certain monks upon whose cloister garden the snow never lay, though all the country round was buried in the rigor of a northern winter. The marvellous exemption, long attributed by superstition to miracle, was discovered to arise simply from certain thermal springs which had their source within the sacred inclosure. It is thus that the warmth and vivacity of natural temperament has been commonly regarded by the mystic as nothing less than a fiery impartation from the altar of the celestial temple.

At Thonon her apartment was visited by a succession of applicants from every class, who laid bare their hearts before her, and sought from her lips spiritual guidance or consolation. She met them separately and in groups, for conference and for prayer. At Grenoble, she says, she was for some time engaged from six o'clock in the morning till eight at evening in speaking of God to all sorts of persons—“friars, priests, men of the world, maids, wives, widows, all came, one after another, to hear what was to be said.” (*Upham*, vol. i., p. 357.) Her efforts among the members of the House of the Novitiates in that city were eminently successful, and she appears to have been of real service to many who had sought peace in vain by the austerities and the routine of monastic seclusion. Meanwhile, she was active, both at Thonon and Grenoble, in the establishment of hospitals. She carried on a large and continually increasing correspondence. In the former place, she wrote her *Torrents*; in the latter, she published her *Short Method of Prayer*, and commenced her *Commentaries on the Bible*.

But, alas! all this earnest, tireless toil is unauthorized. Bigotry takes the alarm, and cries, the church is in danger. Priests who were asleep—priests who were place-hunting—priests who were pleasure-hunting, awoke from their doze, or drew breath in their chase, to observe this woman whose life rebuked them—to observe and to assail her;

* *La Vida de la B. M. Theresa de Jesus*, pp. 300, 302, 310, 227. Ed. 1615.

for rebuke, in their terminology, was scandal. Persecution hemmed her in on every side; no annoyance was too petty, no calumny too gross, for priestly jealousy. The inmates of the religious community she had enriched were taught to insult her—tricks were devised to frighten her by horrible appearances and unearthly noises—her windows were broken—her letters were intercepted.* Thus, before a year had elapsed, she was driven from Gex. Some called her a sorceress; others, more malignant yet, stigmatized her as half a Protestant. She had, indeed, recommended the reading of the Scriptures to all, and spoken slightly of mere bowing and bead-counting. Monstrous contumacy—said, with one voice, spiritual slaves and spiritual slave-owners—that a woman, desired by her bishop to do one thing, should discover an inward call to do another. At Thonon, the priests burnt in the public square all they could find treating of the inner life, and went home elated with their performance. One thought may have embittered their triumph—had it only been flesh instead of paper. She inhabited a poor cottage that stood by itself in the fields, at some distance from Thonon. Attached to it was a little garden, in the management of which she took pleasure. One night a rabble from the town were incited to terrify her with their drunken riot—they trampled down and laid waste the garden, hurled stones in at the windows, and shouted their threats, insults, and curses, round the house the whole night. Then came an episcopal order to quit the diocese. When compelled subsequently, by the opposition she encountered, to withdraw secretly from Grenoble, she was advised to take refuge at Marseilles. She arrived in that city at ten o'clock in the morning, but that very afternoon all was in uproar against her, so vigilant and implacable were her enemies.

In the year 1686, Madame Guyon returned to Paris, and entered the head-quarters of persecution. Rumors reached her, doubtless, from beyond the Alps, of cruel measures taken against opinions similar to her own which had spread rapidly in Italy. But she knew not that all these severities originated with Louis XIV. and his Jesuit advisers—that her king, while revoking the Edict of Nantes, and despatching his dragoons to extirpate Protestantism in France, was sending orders to D'Etrees, his ambassador at Rome, to pursue with the utmost rigor Italian Quietism—and that the monarch, who shone and smiled at Marly and Versailles, was

crowding with victims the dungeons of the Roman Inquisition.

The leader of Quietism in Italy was one Michael de Molinos, a Spaniard, a man of blameless life, of eminent and comparatively enlightened piety. His book, entitled *The Spiritual Guide*, was published in 1675, sanctioned by five famous doctors, four of them Inquisitors, and one a Jesuit, and passed, within six years, through twenty editions in different languages. His real doctrine was probably identical in substance with that of Madame Guyon. It was openly favored by many nobles and ecclesiastics of distinguished rank; by D'Etrees among the rest. Molinos had apartments assigned him in the Vatican, and was held in high esteem by Infallibility itself. But the Inquisition and the Jesuits, supported by all the influence of France, were sure of their game. The audacity of the Inquisitors went so far as to send a deputation to examine the orthodoxy of the man called Innocent XI.; for even the tiara was not to shield the patron of Molinos from suspicions of heresy. The courtier-cardinal D'Etrees found new light in the missives of his master. He stood committed to Quietism. He had not only embraced the opinions of Molinos, but had translated into Italian the book of Malaval, a French Quietist, far more extreme than Molinos himself. Yet he became, at a moment's notice, the accuser of his friend. He produced the letter of Louis rebuking the faithless sloth of the pontiff who could entertain a heretic in his palace, while he, the eldest son of the church, toiled incessantly to root out heresy from the soil of France; he read before the Inquisitorial Tribunal extracts from the papers of Molinos; he protested that he had seemed to receive, in order at the proper juncture more effectually to expose, these abominable mysteries. If these professions were false, D'Etrees was a heretic; if true, a villain. The Inquisitors, of course, deemed his testimony too valuable to be refused. In the eyes of such men the enormous crime which he pretended was natural, familiar, praiseworthy. Depths of baseness beyond the reach of ordinary inquiry are heights of virtue with the followers of Dominic and Loyola. Guilt, which even a bad man would account a blot upon his life, becomes, in the annals of their zeal, a star. The Spanish Inquisitor-General, Valdes, who raised to the highest pitch his repute for sanctity, secured the objects of his ambition, averted the dangers which threatened him, and preserved his ill-gotten wealth from the grasp of the crown, simply by his activity as a persecutor, made a practice of sending spies to mix (under pretence of being converts or inquirers) among the suspected Lutherans of Valladolid and Seville. Desmarests de St. Sorlin denounced, and caused to be burnt, a

* She appears to have attributed these alarms, in several instances, to demoniacal agency.—*Autobiog.*, vol. ii., p. 5. A colloquy of Erasmus, entitled *Virgo pavida*, satirizes, amusingly enough, these hobgoblin devices, so frequently employed by the monks.

poor, harmless madman, named Morin, who fancied himself the Holy Ghost. Counselling by the Jesuit confessor of Louis, Father Canard, he pretended to become his disciple, and then betrayed him. This Desmarets, be it remembered, had written a book called *Les Délices de l'Esprit*, happily characterized by a French wit, when he proposed *délices* to read *délires*. Those immoral consequences which the enemies of Madame Guyon professed to discern in her writings, are drawn openly in the sensual and blasphemous phraseology of this religious extravaganza. But because Desmarets was a useful man to the Jesuits — because he had drawn away some of the nuns of the Port Royal — because he had given the flames a victim — because he was protected by Canard — the same Archbishop of Paris who imprisoned Madame Guyon, honored with his sanction the ravings of the licentious visionary. So little had any sincere dread of spiritual extravagance to do with the hostility concentrated on the disciples of Quietism. The greater portion of the priesthood feared only lest men should learn to become religious on their own account. The leaders of the movement against Madame Guyon were animated by an additional motive. They knew they should delight His Most Christian Majesty by affording him another opportunity of manifesting his zeal for orthodoxy, and they wished to strike at the reputation of Fenelon through Madame Guyon. The fate of Molinos decided hers, and hers that of the Archbishop of Cambray.

The only crime brought home to the followers of Molinos was a preference for the religion of the heart to that of the rosary; the substitution of a devout retirement for the observance of certain superstitious forms and seasons. His condemnation was determined. After an imprisonment of two years he was exhibited in the Temple of Minerva, his hands bound, and a lighted taper between them. A plenary indulgence was granted to all who should be present; a vast concourse listened to the sentence; hired voices cried, "To the fire! to the fire!" the mob was stirred to a frenzy of fanaticism. His last gaze upon the world beheld a sea of infuriate faces, the pomp of his triumphant adversaries — then to the gloom and solitude of the dungeon in which he was to languish till death bestowed release.

At Paris, Madame Guyon became the centre of a small but illustrious circle, who listened with delight to her exposition of that Quietism to which the tender earnestness of her language and her manner lent so indescribable a charm. There were the Duke and Duchess of Beauvilliers, the Duke and Duchess of Chevreuse, the Duchess of Bethune, and the Countess of Guiche. The daughters of Colbert and of Fouquet forgot the long enmity of their fathers in a religious friendship,

whose tie was yet more closely drawn by their common admiration for Madame Guyon. But letters filled with complaints against La Combe and Madame Guyon poured in upon Harley, Archbishop of Paris. He procured the arrest of La Combe, who spent the remainder of his days in various prisons. A little calumny and a forged letter obtained from the king a *lettre de cachet* confining Madame Guyon to an apartment in the Convent of St. Marie. The sisters were strongly prejudiced against her, but her gentle patience won all hearts, and her fair jailers soon vied with each other in praises of their fascinating prisoner. An examination elicited nothing decidedly unfavorable. Not a stain could be detected in her character; she offered to submit all her papers and her writings to investigation. The intercession of Madame Miramion and other friends with Madame de Maintenon, procured her release after a captivity of eight months.

The most dangerous enemy Madame Guyon had as yet was her own half-brother, Père La Mothe. He had calumniated her in secret while in Switzerland; he was still more active now she was in Paris. He wished to become her Director, but La Combe was in the way. The artifices of La Mothe procured his arrest. He advised Madame Guyon, with hypocritical protestations of friendship, to flee to Montargis from the scandalous reports he himself had circulated, and from adversaries he himself had raised up. Then she would have been at his mercy — he would have pointed to her flight as a proof of guilt, and her own property and the guardianship of her children might have been secured for himself. He injured her as a relation only could. People said her cause must be a bad one, since her own brother was constrained, from regard to the credit of religion, to bear witness against her. A woman who had committed sacrilege at Lyons, and had run away from the convent of penitents at Dijon, was employed by him to forge letters which should damage the character of Madame Guyon; to personate one of her maids and go from confessor to confessor throughout Paris, asserting that after living sixteen or seventeen years with her mistress she had quitted her, at last, with disgust at her abominable life.

Released from the convent of St. Marie, Madame Guyon was conducted by her court friends to express her thanks to Madame de Maintenon at St. Cyr. This institution had been founded, ten years previously, for the education of the daughters of noble but impoverished families. The idea originated with Madame de Maintenon; it was executed with royal speed and magnificence by Louis, and St. Cyr became her favorite resort. In fifteen months two thousand six hundred workmen raised the structure, on a marshy soil, about half a league from Paris — the genius of

Mansard presided over the architecture — the style of the ordinances was revised by Boileau and Racine. There three hundred young ladies of rank, dressed in gowns of brown crape, with white quilted caps, tied with ribbons, whose color indicated the class to which they belonged in the school, studied geography and drawing, heard mass, sang in the choir, and listened to preachments from the lips of Madame Brinon — who discoursed, so swore some of the courtiers, as eloquently as Bourdaloue himself. Tired out with the formal splendors of Versailles, Madame de Maintenon was never so happy as when playing the part of lady-abbess at St. Cyr. Often she would be there by six in the morning, would herself assist at the toilet of the pupils, would take a class throughout the day, would give the novices lessons on spiritual experience; nothing in its routine was dull, nothing in its kitchen was mean. She hated Fontainebleau, for it tore her from her family at St. Cyr. For the private theatricals of St. Cyr, Racine wrote *Esther*, at the request of Madame de Maintenon. Happy was the courtier who could obtain permission to witness one of these representations, who could tell with triumph to envious groups of the excluded, what an admirable Ahasuerus Madame de Caylus made, what a spirited Mordecai was Mademoiselle de Glapion, how the graceful Mademoiselle de Veillenne charmed the audience in the prayer of *Esther* — in short, how far the *Esther* surpassed the *Phedra*, and the actresses, the Raisins and the Chammelés of the Parisian boards. Louis himself drew up the list of admissions, as though it were for a journey to Marly — he was the first to enter — and stood at the door, with the catalogue of names in one hand, and his cane held across as a barrier in the other, till all the privileged had entered. But the fashion of asceticism which grew with every year of Maintenon's reign threw its gloom over St. Cyr. The absolute vows were introduced, and much of the monotonous austerity of conventual life. Religious excitement was the only resource left to the inmates if they would not die of ennui. This relief was brought them by Madame Guyon.

Madame Maintenon was touched with pity for the misfortunes of Madame Guyon, with admiration for such patience, such forgetfulness of self — she found in the freshness and fervor of her religious conversation a charm which recalled the warmer feelings of youth, which was welcome, for its elevation, after the fatigue and anxiety of state; for its sweetness, as contrasted with the barren minutiae of rigid formalism; she invited her constantly to her table — she encouraged her visits to St. Cyr — she met with her, and with Fenelon, at the Hôtels de Chevreuse and Beauvilliers, where a religious coterie assem-

bled three times a week to discuss the mysteries of inward experience. Thus, during three or four years of favor with Madame de Maintenon, Madame Guyon became in effect the spiritual instructress of St. Cyr, and found herself at Paris surrounded by disciples whose numbers daily increased, and whom she withdrew from the licentious gayeties of the capital. At St. Cyr the young ladies studied her books, and listened to her as an oracle — the thoughtless grew serious — the religious strained every faculty to imitate the attainments of one in whom they saw the ideal of devotion. In Paris, mystical terminology became the fashionable language — it was caught up and glibly uttered by wits and roués — it melted from the lips of beauties who shot languishing glances at their admirers, while they affected to be weary of the world, and coquetted while they talked significantly of holy indifference or pure love. Libertines, like Treville, professed reform, and wrote about mysticism — atheists, turned Christians, like Corbinelli, now became Quietists, and might be seen in the salon of Madame le Maigre, where Corbinelli shone, the brilliant expositor of the new religious romanticism.

During this period, Madame Guyon became acquainted with Fenelon. At their first interview she was all admiration, he all distrust. "Her mind," she says, "had been taken up with him with much force and sweetness;" it seemed to be revealed to her that he should become one of her spiritual children. Fenelon, on his part, thought she had neglected her duty to her family for an imaginary mission. But he had inquired concerning her life at Montargis, and heard only praise. After a few conversations his doubts vanished — he had proposed objections — requested explanations — pointed out unguarded expressions in her books — she was modest, submissive, irresistible. There was a power in her language, her manner, her surviving beauty, which mysteriously dissipated prejudice, which even Nicole, Bossuet, Boileau, Gaillard, could not withstand when they conversed with her — which was only overcome when they had ceased to behold her face, when her persuasive accents sounded no longer in their ears. She recalled to the thoughts of Fenelon his youthful studies at St. Sulpice; — there he had perused the mystical divines in dusty tomes, clasped and brazen-cornered — now he beheld their buried doctrine raised to life in the busy present, animating the untaught eloquence of a woman, whom a noble enthusiasm alone had endowed with all the prerogatives of genius, and all the charms of beauty. This friendship, which events rendered afterwards so disastrous for himself, was beneficial to Madame Guyon. Fenelon taught her to moderate some of her spiritual excesses. Her

extravagance reached its culminating point at Thonon. At Paris, influenced doubtless by Fenelon, as well as by more frequent intercourse with the world, she no longer enjoys so many picturesque dreams, no more heals the sick and casts out devils with a word, and no longer—as in her solitude there—suffers inward anguish consequent on the particular religious condition of Father La Combe when he is three hundred miles off. Her Quietism becomes less fantastic, and less, in a word, mesmeric. Mr. Upham appears to us as much to overrate the influence she exercised on Fenelon, as he underrates that which he exerted over her. It is curious to observe, how the acquaintance of Fenelon with Madame Guyon began with suspicion and ripened into friendship, while that of Bossuet, commencing with approval and even admiration, ended in calumny and persecution. Bossuet declared to the Duc de Chevreuse that while examining her writings, for the first time, he was astonished by a light and unction he had never before seen, and, for three days, was made to realize the Divine Presence in a manner altogether new. Bossuet had never, like Fenelon, studied the mystics.

The two most influential Directors at St. Cyr were Godet des Marais, Bishop of Chartres, and Fenelon. These two men form a striking contrast. Godet was disgusting in person and in manners—a sour ascetic—a spiritual martinet—devoted to all the petty austerities of the most formal discipline. Fenelon was dignified and gentle, graceful as a courtier, and spotless as a saint—the most pure, the most persuasive, the most accomplished of religious guides. No wonder that most of the young inmates of St. Cyr adored Fenelon, and could not endure Godet. Madame de Maintenon wavered between her two confessors; if Fenelon was the more agreeable, Godet seemed the more safe. Godet was miserably jealous of his rival. He was not sorry to find that the new doctrines had produced a little insubordination within the quiet walls of St. Cyr—that Fenelon would be compromised by the indiscretion of some among his youthful admirers. He brought a lamentable tale to Madame Maintenon. Madame du Peron, the mistress of the novices, had complained that her pupils obeyed her no longer; they neglected regular duties for unseasonable prayers; they had illuminations and ecstasies; one, in the midst of sweeping her room, would stand, leaning on her broom, lost in contemplation; another, instead of hearing lessons, became inspired, and resigned herself to the operation of the Spirit; the under-mistress of the classes stole away the enlightened from the rest, and they were found in remote corners of the house, feasting in secret on the sweet poison of Madame Guyon's doctrine. The precise and methodi-

cal Madame Maintenon was horrified. She had hoped to realize in her institute the ideal of her church, a perfect uniformity of opinion, an unerring mechanism of obedience. We wished, said she, to promote intelligence, we have made orators; devotion, we have made Quietists; modesty, we have made pruders; elevation of sentiment, and we have pride. She commissioned Godet to reclaim the wanderers, to demand that the books of Madame Guyon should be surrendered, setting herself the example by publicly delivering into his hand her own copy of the *Short Method*; she requested Madame Guyon to refrain from visiting St. Cyr; she began to doubt the prudence or the orthodoxy of Fenelon. What would the king say, if he heard of it—he, who had never liked Fenelon—who hated nothing so much as heresy—who had but the other day extinguished the Quietism of Molinos? She had read to him some of Madame Guyon's exposition of the Canticles; and he called it dreamy stuff. Doctrines really dangerous to purity were insinuated by some designing monks under the name of Quietism. The odium fell on the innocent Madame Guyon; and her friends would necessarily share it. Malicious voices charged her with corrupting the principles of the Parisian ladies. Madame Guyon replied with justice—when they were patching, and painting, and ruining their families by gambling and by dress, not a word was said against it; now that they have withdrawn from such vanities, the cry is, that I have ruined them. Rumor grew more loud and scandalous every day; the most incredible reports were most credited; the schools, too, had taken up the question of mysticism, and argued it with heat; Nicole and Lami had dissolved an ancient friendship to quarrel about it—as Fenelon and Bossuet were soon to do—no controversy threatened to involve so many interests, to fan so many passions, to kindle so many hatreds, as this variance about disinterestedness, about indifference, about love.

The politic Madame Maintenon watched the gathering storm, and became all caution. At all costs, she must free herself from the faintest suspicion of fellowship with heresy. She questioned on the opinions of Madame Guyon, Bossuet and Noailles, Bourdaloue, Joly, Tiberge, Brisacier, and Tronson; and the replies of these esteemed divines, uniformly unfavorable, decided her. It would be necessary to disown Madame Guyon; her condemnation would become inevitable. Fenelon must be induced to disown her too, or his career was at a close; and Madame de Maintenon could smile on him no longer.

Madame Guyon, alarmed by the growing numbers and vehemence of her adversaries, had recourse to the man who afterwards became her bitterest enemy. She proposed to

Bossuet that he should examine her writings. He complied, held several private interviews with her, and expressed himself, on the whole, more favorably than could have been expected. But these conferences, which did not altogether satisfy Bossuet, could do nothing to allay the excitement of the public.

Madame Guyon now requested the appointment of commissioners, who should investigate, and pronounce finally concerning her life and doctrine. Three were chosen — Bossuet; Noailles, Bishop of Chalons; and Tronson, Superior of St. Sulpice. Noailles was a sensible, kind-hearted man; Tronson, a worthy creature, in poor health, with little opinion of his own; Bossuet, the accredited champion of the Gallican church, accustomed to move in an atmosphere of flattery — the august dictator of the ecclesiastical world — was absolute in their conferences. They met, from time to time, during some six months, at the little village of Issy, the country residence of the Superior of St. Sulpice. When Madame Guyon appeared before them, Bossuet, alone was harsh and rude: he put the worst construction on her words; he interrupted her; now he silenced her replies, now he burlesqued them; now he affected to be unable to comprehend them; now he held up his hands in contemptuous amazement at her ignorance; he would not suffer to be read the justification which had cost her so much pains; he sent away her friend, the Duke of Chevreuse. This ominous severity confused and frightened her. She readily consented to retire to a convent in the town of Meaux, there to be under the surveillance of Bossuet. She undertook this journey in the depth of the most frightful winter which had been known for many years; the coach was buried in the snow, and she narrowly escaped with life. The commissioners remained to draw up, by the fireside, certain propositions, which should determine what was, and what was not, true mysticism. These constitute the celebrated Articles of Issy.

Bossuet repeatedly visited Madame Guyon, at Meaux. The great man did not disdain to approach the sick-bed of his victim, as she lay in the last stage of exhaustion, and there endeavor to overreach and terrify her. He demanded a submission, and promised a favorable certificate; the submission he received, the certificate he withheld. He sought to force her, by threats, to sign that she did not believe in the incarnation. The more timid she appeared, the more boisterous and imperative his tone. One day, he would come with words of kindness; on another, with words of fury; yet, at the very time, this Pilate could say to some of his brethren, that he found no serious fault in her. He declared, on one occasion, that he was actuated by no dislike — he was urged to rigorous

measures by others; on another, that the submission of Madame Guyon, and the suppression of Quietism, effected by his skill and energy, would be as good as an archbishopric or a cardinal's hat to him. Justice and ambition contended within him; for a little while the battle wavered, till presently pride and jealousy brought up to the standard of the latter reinforcements so overwhelming, that justice was beaten forever from the field. After six months' residence at Meaux, Madame Guyon received from Bossuet a certificate attesting her filial submissiveness to the Catholic faith, his satisfaction with her conduct, authorizing her still to participate in the sacrament of the Church, and acquitting her of all implication in the heresy of Molinos.

Meanwhile Fenelon had been added to the number of the commissioners at Issy. He and Bossuet were still on intimate terms; but Bossuet, like all vain men, was a dangerous friend. He knew how to inspire confidence which he did not scruple to betray. Madame Guyon, conscious of the purity of her life, of the orthodoxy of her intention, persuaded that such a man must be superior to the meaner motives of her persecutors, had placed in the hands of Bossuet her most private papers, not excluding the *Autobiography*, which had not been submitted even to the eye of Fenelon. To Bossuet, Fenelon had, in letters, unfolded his most secret thoughts — the conflicts and aspirations of his spiritual history, so unbounded was his reliance on his honor, so exalted his estimate of the judgment of that powerful mind in matters of religion. The disclosures of both were distorted and abused to crush them; both had to rue the day when they trusted one who could sacrifice truth to glory. At Issy, the deference and the candor of Fenelon were met by a haughty reserve on the part of Bossuet. The meekness of Fenelon, and the timidity of Madame Guyon only inflamed his arrogance; to bow to him was to be overborne; to confront him was at once to secure respect, if not fairness. The Articles were already drawn up when the signature of Fenelon was requested. He felt that he should have been allowed his fair share in their construction; as they were, he could not sign them; he proposed modifications; they were acceded to; and the thirty-four articles of Issy appeared in March, 1695, with the name of Fenelon associated with the other three.

To any one who reads these Articles, and the letter written by Fenelon to Madame de la Maisonfort, after signing them, it will be obvious that the Quietism of Fenelon went within a very small compass. When he came to explain his meaning, the controversy is manifestly but a dispute about words. He did not, like Madame Guyon, profess to

conduct devout minds by a certain method to the attainment of perfect disinterestedness. He only maintained the possibility of realizing a love to God, thus purified from self. He was as fully aware as his opponents, that to evince our love to God by willingness to endure perdition, was the same thing as attesting our devotion to Him by our readiness to hate Him forever. This is the standing objection against the doctrine of disinterested love; our own divine, John Howe, urges it with force; it is embodied in the thirty-second of the Articles in question. But it does not touch Fenelon's position. His assertion is, that we should will our own salvation only because God wills it; that, supposing it possible for us to endure hell torments, retaining the grace of God and our consciousness that such suffering was according to his will, and conducive to His glory, the soul, animated by pure love, would embrace even such a doom. It is but the supposition of an impossible case. The Quietism of Fenelon does not preclude the reflex actions of the mind, or confine the spirit of the adept to the sphere of the immediate. It forbids only the introspection of self-complacency. It does not urge distinct acts in a continuous operation, nor discourage strenuous efforts for self-advancement in holiness, or for the benefit of others—it only teaches us to moderate that impatience which has its origin in self, and declares that our own coöperation becomes, in certain cases, unconscious—is, as it were, lost in a "divine facility." The indefatigable benevolence of his life abundantly repudiates the slanderous conclusion of his adversaries, that the doctrine of indifference concerning the future involves indifference likewise to moral good and evil in the present. Bossuet himself is often as mystical as Fenelon. St. Francis de Sales and Madame de Chantal said the very same things, not to mention the unbridled utterances of the earlier and the mediæval mystics canonized by the Church of Rome. Could the controversy have been confined to the real question, no harm would have been done. It would have resembled the duel, in Ben Jonson's play, between Fastidious Brisk and Signor Pantarvalo, where the rapiers cut through taffeta and lace, gold embroidery and satin doublets, but nowhere enter the skin. Certain terms and certain syllogisms, a well-starched theory, or an argument triumphed with the pearls of eloquence—might have been transfixed or rent by a dextrous pen, on this side or on that, but the prize of the conqueror would not have been court favor, or the penalty of the conquered exile. Theologians might have written, for a few, the learned history of a logical campaign, but the eyes of Europe would never have been turned to a conflict for fame and fortune raging in the Vatican and at Versailles, en-

listing every religious party throughout Roman Catholic Christendom, and involving the rise or fall of some of the most illustrious names among the churchmen and nobility of France.

The writings of Madame Guyon had now been condemned, though without mention of her name; Bossuet had intimated that he required nothing further from her; she began to hope that the worst might be over, and returned with her friends from Meaux to Paris, to live there as much retired as possible. This flight, which he chose to call dishonorable, irritated Bossuet; she had suffered him to see that she could trust him no longer; he endeavored to recover the certificate he had given; an order was procured for her arrest. The police observed that a house in the Faubourg St. Antoine was always entered by a pass-key. They made their way in, and found Madame Guyon. They brought away their prisoner, ill as she was, and the king was induced, with much difficulty, to sign an order for her incarceration at Vincennes. The despot thought a convent might suffice—not so the persecutors.

Bossuet had been for some time occupied in writing a work which should demolish with a blow the doctrine of Madame Guyon, and hold her up to general odium. It consisted of ten books, and was entitled *Instructions on the States of Prayer*. He showed the manuscript to Fenelon, desiring him to append a statement, approving all it contained, which should accompany the volume when published. Fenelon refused. Six months ago he had declared that he could be no party to a personal attack on Madame Guyon; the *Instructions* contained little else. That tremendous attack was no mere exposure of unguarded expressions—no mere deduction of dangerous consequences, possibly unforeseen by a half-educated writer; it charged Madame Guyon with having for her sole design the inculcation of a false spirituality, which abandoned, as an imperfection, faith in the divine Persons and the humanity of Christ; which disowned the authority of Scripture, of tradition, of morality; which dispensed with vocal prayer and acts of worship; which established an impious and brutal indifference between vice and virtue—between everlasting hate of God and everlasting love; which forbade resistance to temptation as an interruption to repose; which taught an imaginary perfection extinguishing the nobler desires only to inflame the lower, and clothing the waywardness of self-will and passion with the authority of inspiration and of prophecy. Fenelon knew that this accusation was one mass of falsehood. If Bossuet himself believed it, why had he suffered such a monster still to commune; why had he been so faithless to his high office in the church as to give his testi-

monials declaring the purity of her purpose and the soundness of her faith, when he had not secured the formal retraction of a single error! To sign his approval of that book would be not merely a cowardly condemnation of a woman whom he knew to be innocent — it would be the condemnation of himself. His acquaintance with Madame Guyon was matter of notoriety. It would be to say that he — a student of theology, a priest, an archbishop, the preceptor of princes — had not only refrained from denouncing, but had honored with his friendship, the teacher of an abominable spiritualism which abolished the first principle of right and wrong. It would be to declare, in fact, such a prelate far more guilty than such a heretic. And Bossuet pretended to be his friend — Bossuet, who had laid the snare which might have been the triumph of the most malignant enemy. It was not a mere question of persons — Madame Guyon might die in prison — he himself might be defamed and disgraced — he did not mean to become her champion — surely that was enough, knowing what he knew — let her enemies be satisfied with his silence — he could not suffer another man to take his pen out of his hand to denounce as an emissary of Satan one whom he believed to be a child of God.

Such was Fenelon's position. He wished to be silent concerning Madame Guyon. To assent to the charges brought against her would not have been even a serviceable lie, if such a man could have desired to escape the wrath of Bossuet at so scandalous a price. Every one would have said that the Archbishop of Cambray had denounced his accomplice out of fear. Neither was he prepared to embrace the opposite extreme, and to defend the personal cause of the accused, many of whose expressions he thought questionable, orthodox as might be her explanation, and many of whose extravagances he disapproved. His enemies wished to force him to speak, and were prepared to damage his reputation whether he appeared for or against the prisoner at Vincennes. At length it became necessary that he should break silence; and when he did, it was not to pronounce judgment concerning the oppressed or her oppressors; it was to investigate the abstract question — the teaching of the Church on the doctrine of pure love. He wrote the *Maxims of the Saints*.

This celebrated book appeared in January, 1697, while Fenelon was at Cambray, amazing the Flemings of his diocese by affording them, in their new archbishop, the spectacle of a church dignitary who really cared for his flock, who consigned the easier duties to his vicars, and reserved the hardest for himself; who entered their cottages like a father, listened with interest to the story of their hardships or their griefs; who consoled, coun-

selled; and relieved them; who partook of their black bread as though he had never shared the banquets of Versailles, and as though Paris were to him, as to themselves, a wonderful place far away, whose streets were paved with gold. Madame Guyon was in confinement at the village of Vaugirard, whither the compassion of Noailles had transferred her from Vincennes, resigned and peaceful, writing poetry and singing hymns with her pious servant-girl, the faithful companion of her misfortunes. Bossuet was visiting St. Cyr — very busy in endeavoring to purify the theology of the young ladies from all taint of Quietism — but quite unsuccessful in reconciling Madame de la Maisonfort to the loss of her beloved Fenelon.

The *Maxims of the Saints* was an exposition and vindication of the doctrines of pure love, of mystical union, and of perfection, as handed down by some of the most illustrious and authoritative names in the Roman Catholic Church, from Dionysius, Clement, and Augustine, to John of the Cross, and Francis de Sales; — it explained their terminology — it placed in juxtaposition with every article of legitimate mysticism its false correlative — the use and the abuse — and was, in fact, though not expressly, a complete justification (on the principles of his church) of that moderate Quietism held by himself, and in substance by Madame Guyon. The book was approved by Tronson, by Fleury, by Hébert, by Pirot, a doctor of the Sorbonne, by Père le Chaise, the King's confessor, by the Jesuits of Clermont — but it was denounced by Bossuet; it was nicknamed the Bible of the Little Church; Pontchartrain, the comptroller-general, and Maurice Le Tellier, Archbishop of Rheims, told the king that it was fit only for knaves or fools. Louis sent for Bossuet. The Bishop of Meaux cast himself theatrically at the feet of majesty, and, with pretended tears, implored forgiveness for not earlier revealing the heresy of his unhappy brother. A compromise was yet possible, for Fenelon was ready to explain his explanations, and to suppress whatever might be pronounced dangerous in his pages. But the eagle of Meaux had seen the meek and dove-like Fenelon — once almost more his disciple than his friend — erect the standard of independence and assume the post of a rival; his pride was roused, he was resolved to reign alone on the ecclesiastical Olympus of the court, and he would not hear of a peace that might rob him of a triumph. Did Fenelon pretend to shelter himself by great names — he, Bossuet, would intrench himself within the awful sanctuary of the Church; he represented religion in France; he would resent every attack upon his own opinions as an assault on the Catholic faith; he had the ear of the king, with whom heresy and treason were identical; success

was all but assured, and, if so, war was glory. Such tactics are not peculiar to the seventeenth century. In our own day, every one implicated in religious abuses identifies himself with religion — brands every exposure of his misconduct as hostility to the cause of God — invests his miserable personality with the benign grandeur of the Gospel, and stigmatizes as troublers in Israel all who dare to inquire into his procedure, while innumerable dupes or cowards sleepily believe, or cautiously pretend to do so, that those who have management in a good object must themselves be good.

Fenelon now requested the royal permission to appeal to Rome; he obtained it, but was forbidden to repair thither to plead in person the cause of his book, and ordered to quit the court and confine himself to his diocese. The king went to St. Cyr, and expelled thence three young ladies, for an offence he could not comprehend — the sin of Quietism. Intrigue was active, and the Duke de Beauvilliers was nearly losing his place in the royal household because of his attachment to Fenelon. The duke — noble in spirit as in name — and worthy of such a friendship, boldly told *Le Grand Monarque* that he was ready to leave the palace rather than to forsake his friend. Six days before the banishment of Fenelon, Louis had sent to Innocent XII. a letter, drawn up by Bossuet, saying in effect that the *Maxims* had been condemned at Paris, that everything urged in its defence was futile, and that the royal authority would be exerted to the utmost to execute the decision of the pontifical chair. Bossuet naturally calculated that a missive, thus intimating the sentence Infallibility was expected by a great monarch to pronounce — arriving almost at the same time with the news of a disgrace reserved only for the most grave offences, would secure the speedy condemnation of Fenelon's book.

At Rome commenced a series of deliberations destined to extend over a space of nearly two years. Two successive bodies of adjudicators were impanelled and dissolved, unable to arrive at a decision. A new congregation of cardinals was selected, who held scores of long and wearisome debates, while rumor and intrigue alternately heightened or depressed the hopes of either party. To write the *Maxims* of the Saints was a delicate task. It was not easy to repudiate the mysticism of Molinos without impugning the mysticism of St. Theresa. But the position of these judges was more delicate yet. It was still less easy to censure Fenelon without rendering suspicious, at the least, the orthodoxy of the most shining saints in the Calendar. On the one hand, there might be a risk of a schism; on the other, pressed the urgency and the influence of a powerful party, the impatience, almost the menaces, of a great king.

The real question was simply this — is disinterested love possible? Can man love God for His own sake alone, with a love, not excluding, but subordinating all other persons and objects, so that they shall be regarded only in God who is All in All? If so, is it dangerous to assert the possibility, to commend this divine ambition, as Fenelon has done? But the discussion was complicated and inflamed by daily slander and recrimination, by treachery and insinuation, and by the honest anger they provoke; by the schemes of personal ambition, by the rivalry of religious parties, by the political intrigues of the State, and by the political intrigues of the Church; by the interests of a crew of subaltern agents, who loved to fish in muddy waters; and by the long cherished animosity between Gallican and Ultramontanist. Couriers pass and re-pass continually between Rome and Cambray, between Rome and Paris. The Abbé Bossuet writes constantly from Rome to the Bishop of Meaux; the Abbé de Chanterac from the same city to the Archbishop of Cambray. Chanterac writes like a faithful friend and a good man; he labors day and night in the cause of Fenelon; he bids him be of good cheer and put his trust in God. The letters of the Abbé Bossuet to his uncle are worthy a familiar of the Inquisition. After circulating calumnies against the character of Madame Guyon, after hinting that Fenelon was a partaker of her immoralities as well as of her heresy, and promising, with each coming post, to produce fresh confessions and new discoveries of the most revolting licentiousness, he sits down to urge Bossuet to second his efforts by procuring the banishment of every friend whom Fenelon yet has at court; and to secure, by a decisive blow in Paris, the ruin of that "wild beast" Fenelon at Rome. Bossuet lost no time in acting on the suggestion of so base an instrument.

At Paris a hot war of letters, pamphlets, and treatises, was maintained by the leaders, whose quarrel everywhere divided the city and the court into two hostile encampments. Fenelon offered a resistance Bossuet had never anticipated, and the veteran polemic was deeply mortified to see public opinion doubtful whether he or a younger rival had won the laurels in argument and eloquence. In an evil hour for his fame he resolved to crush his antagonist at all costs; he determined that the laws of honorable warfare should be regarded no more — that no confidence should be any longer sacred. In the summer of 1698 the storm burst upon the head of the exile at Cambray. Early in June, Fenelon heard that the Abbé de Beaumont, his nephew, and the Abbé de Langeron, his friend, had been dismissed in disgrace from the office of sub-preceptors to the young Duke of Burgundy; that Dupuy and de Leschelles had been banished

the court because of their attachment to him; that his brother had been expelled from the marine, and a son of Madame Guyon from the guards; that the retiring and pacific Fleury had narrowly escaped similar ignominy for a similar cause; that the Dukes of Beauvilliers, Chevreuse, and Guiche, were themselves menaced, and the prospect of their downfall openly discussed; and that to correspond with him was hereafter a crime against the State. Within a month, another Job's messenger brought him tidings that Bossuet had produced a book entitled *An Account of Quietism* — an attack so terrible that the dismay of his remaining friends had almost become despair. Bossuet possessed three formidable weapons — his influence as a courtier, his authority as a priest, his powers as an author. He wielded them all at once, and all of them dishonorably. If he was unfair in the first capacity, when he invoked the thunders of royalty to ruin the cause of a theological opponent — if he was unfair in the second, when he denounced forbearance and silenced intercession as sins against God — he was yet more so in the third, when he employed all his gifts to weave into a malignant tissue of falsehood and exaggeration the memoirs of Madame Guyon, the correspondence of Fenelon with Madame Maintenon, and his former confidential letters to himself — letters on spiritual matters to a spiritual guide — letters which should have been sacred as the secrecy of the confessional. The sensation created by the *Account of Quietism* was prodigious. Bossuet presented his book to the king, whose approval was for every parasite the authentication of all its slanders. Madame de Maintenon, with her own hand, distributed copies among the courtiers; in the salon of Marly nothing else was talked of; in the beautiful gardens groups of lords and ladies, such as Watteau would have loved to paint, were gathered on the grass, beside the fountains, beneath the trees, to hear it read; it was begged, borrowed, stolen, greedily snatched and delightedly devoured; its anecdotes were so piquant, its style so sparkling, its bursts of indignant eloquence so grand; gay ladies, young and old, dandies, wits, and libertines, found its scandal so delicious — Madame Guyon was so exquisitely ridiculous — La Combe, so odious a Tartuffe — Fenelon, so pitifully dispraised of all his dazzling virtues; and, what was best of all, the insinuations were worse than the charges — the book gave much and promised more — it hinted at disclosures more disgraceful yet, and gave free scope to every malicious invention and every prurient conjecture.

The generous Fenelon, more thoughtful for others than for himself, at first hesitated to reply even to such a provocation, lest he should injure the friends who yet remained to him at Versailles. But he was soon convinced that

their position, as much as his, rendered an answer imperative. He received Bossuet's book on the 8th of July, and by the 13th of August his defence had been written, printed, and arrived at Rome, to gladden the heart of poor Chanterac, to stop the mouth of the enemy, and to turn the tide once more in behalf of his failing party. This refutation, written with such rapidity, and under such disadvantages, was a masterpiece — it redeemed his character from every calumny — it raised his reputation to its height — it would have decided a fair contest completely in his favor. It was composed when his spirit was oppressed by sorrow for the ruin of his friends, and darkened by the apprehension of new injuries which his justification might provoke — by a proscribed man at Cambray, remote from the assistance and appliances most needful — without a friend to guide or to relieve the labor of arranging and transcribing documents and of verifying dates, where scrupulous accuracy was of vital importance — when it was difficult to procure correct intelligence from Paris, and hazardous to write thither lest he should compromise his correspondents — when even his letters to Chanterac were not safe from inspection — when it would be difficult to find a printer for such a book, and yet more so to secure its circulation in the metropolis. As it was, D'Argenson, the lieutenant of police — a functionary portrayed by his contemporaries as at once the ugliest and most unprincipled of men — seized a package of seven hundred copies at the gates of Paris. The *Reply* appeared, however, and was eagerly read. Even the few who were neutral, the many who were envious, the host who were prejudiced, could not withhold their admiration from that lucid and elegant style — that dignified and unaffected eloquence; numbers yielded, in secret, at least, to the force of such facts and such arguments; while all were astonished at the skill and self-command with which the author had justified his whole career without implicating a single friend; and, leaving untouched the shield of every other adversary, had concentrated all his force on exposing the contradictions, the treachery, and the falsehood of Bossuet's accusation.

The controversy now draws to a close. Bossuet published *Remarks on the Reply of Fenelon*, and Fenelon rejoined with *Remarks on the Remarks of Bossuet*. Sixty loyal doctors of the Sorbonne censured twelve propositions in the *Maxims*, while Rome was yet undecided. Towards the close of the same year (1698) Louis wrote a letter to the Pope, yet more indecently urgent than his former one, demanding a thorough condemnation of so dangerous a book; and this epistle he seconded by depriving Fenelon, a few weeks afterwards, of the title and pension of precep-

tor—that pension which Fenelon had once nobly offered to return to a treasury exhausted by ambitious wars.

Innocent XII. had heard, with indignant sorrow, of the arbitrary measures adopted against Fenelon and his friends. He was mortified by the arrogance of Louis, by the attempts so openly made to forestall his judgment. He was accustomed to say that Cambray had erred through excess of love to God, Meaux, by want of love to his neighbor. But Louis was evidently roused, and it was not safe to provoke him too far. After a last effort at a compromise, the Pope yielded, and the cardinals pronounced a condemnation, far less complete, however, than the vehemence of the accusers had hoped to secure. Twenty-three propositions extracted from the *Maxims* were censured, but the pontiff openly declared that such censure did not extend to the explanations which the Archbishop of Cambray had given of his book. This sentence was delivered on the 12th of March, 1699. The submission of Fenelon is famous in history. He received the intelligence as he was about to ascend the pulpit; he changed his subject, and preached a sermon on the duty of submission to superiors. Bossuet endeavored, in vain, to represent the obedience which was the first to pronounce the sentence of self-condemnation as a profound hypocrisy.

Madame Guyon lingered for four years a solitary prisoner in the dungeons of the Bastille. In the same tower was confined the Man of the Iron Mask, and she may have heard, in her cell, the melancholy notes of the guitar with which her fellow-prisoner beguiled a captivity whose horrors had then lasted seven-and-thirty years. There, a constitution never strong was broken down by the stony chill of rigorous winters, and by the noxious vapors which steamed from the stagnant moat in summer. She was liberated in 1702, and sent to Blois—a picturesque old city, whose steep and narrow streets, cut into innumerable steps, overlook the Loire, —crowned on the one side by its fine church, and on the other by the royal chateau, memorable for the murder of the Guises; its massive proportions adorned by the varying tastes of successive generations, then newly beautified after the designs of Mansard, and now a ruin, the delight of every artist. There she lived in quiet, sought out from time to time by visitors from distant provinces and other lands—as patient under the infirmity of declining age as beneath the persecutions of her earlier years—finding, as she had always done, some sweet in every bitter cup, and a theme for praise in every trial, purified by her long afflictions, elevated by her hope of glory, full of charity and full of peace, resigned and happy to the last. Her latest letter is dated in 1717—Bossuet

had departed, and Fenelon—and before the close of that year, she also, the subject of such long and bitter strife, had been removed beyond all the tempests of this lower world.

In the judicial combats of ancient Germany it was the custom to place in the centre of the lists a bier, beside which stood the accuser and the accused, at the head and at the foot, leaning there for some time in solemn silence before they laid lance in rest and encountered in the deadly shock. Would that religious controversialists had oftener entered and maintained their combat as alike in view of that final appeal in the unseen world of truth—with a deeper and more abiding sense of that supreme tribunal before which so many differences vanish, and where none but he who has striven lawfully can receive a crown. Bossuet was regarded as the champion of Hope, and drew his sword, it was said, lest sacrilegious hands should remove her anchor. Fenelon girded on his arms to defend the cause of Charity. Alas! said the Pope—heart-sick of the protracted conflict—they forget that it is Faith who is in danger. Among the many witty sayings which the dispute suggested to the lookers-on, perhaps one of the most significant is that attributed to the daughter of Madame Sévigné. “M. de Cambray,” said she, “pleads well the cause of God, but M. de Meaux yet better that of religion, and cannot fail to win the day at Rome.” Fenelon undertook to show that his semi-Quietism was supported by the authority of ecclesiastical tradition, and he was unquestionably in the right. He might have sustained, on Romanist principles, a doctrine much less moderate, by the same argument. But it was his wish to render mysticism as rational and as attractive as possible; and no other advocate has exhibited it so purified from extravagance, or secured for it so general a sympathy. The principle of “holy indifference,” however, must be weighed, not by the virtues of Fenelon, but according to the standard of Scripture—and such an estimate must, we believe, pronounce it mistaken.

The attempt to make mysticism definite and intelligible must always involve more or less of inconsistency, since mysticism is the worship of the indefinite, ignores reflective and discursive acts, and is the natural enemy of logic. Nevertheless, the enterprise has been repeatedly undertaken; and it is a remarkable fact, that such efforts have almost invariably originated in France. Mysticism and scholasticism—the spirit of the cloud and the spirit of the snow—reign as rivals throughout the stormy region of the Middle Age. The reaction against the extremes of each nourished its antagonist. From beneath the cold and rigid formulas of the schools an exhaustless flow of mysticism leaped continually into life, like the torrent perpetually produced by the glacier,

which rushes out to freedom and to sunshine from under its portcullis of hanging ice. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, two Frenchmen, Ilugo and Richard of St. Victor, endeavored to effect a union, and to reconcile these contending products of the heart and brain. They sought to animate the one, and to systematize the other. In that ascetic abstraction, which hides in darkness all the objects of sense, they sought to develop, from the dull and arid stem of school divinity, the most precious blossoms of the feeling; and their mysticism resembles those plants of the cactus-tribe which unfold from their lustreless and horny leaves, gorgeous flowers, that illumine, with phosphoric radiance, the darkness of the tropical night. The Victorines were succeeded in the same path by Bonaventura, a Frenchman by education, if not by birth, more a schoolman than a mystic; and, in the fifteenth century, by the celebrated Chancellor Gerson, who found time, amidst the tumult and alarm of revolted Paris and invaded France, to write a work on the theory and practice of mysticism. These are mystics who have no tales to tell of inspiration and of vision — their aim is to legitimize rapture, to define ecstasy, to explain the higher phenomena of the spirit on the basis of an elaborate psychology, to separate the delusive from the real in mysticism, and to ascertain the laws of that mystical experience, of which they acknowledged themselves to be but very partially the subjects. With this view, Gerson introduced into mysticism, strange to say, the principle of induction; and proposed, by a collection and comparison of recorded examples, to determine its theory, and decide its practice. In the *Maxims of the Saints*, Fenelon carries out the idea of Gerson, as far as was requisite for his immediate purpose. Both are involved in the same difficulty, and fall into the same contradiction. What Molinos was to Fenelon, Ruysbroek was to Gerson. Fenelon wished to stop short of the spiritualism condemned as heretical in Molinos; Gerson, to avoid the pantheism he thought he saw in Ruysbroek. Both impose checks, which, if inefficacious, amount to nothing; if effective, are fatal to the very life of mysticism — both hold doctrines to which they dare not give scope; and both are, to some extent, implicated in the consequences they repudiate by the principles they admit.

Mysticism in France contrasts strikingly, in this respect, with mysticism in Germany. Speaking generally, it may be said that France exhibits the mysticism of sentiment, Germany the mysticism of thought. The French love to generalize and to classify; an arrangement which can be expressed by a word, a principle which can be crystallized into a sparkling maxim, they will applaud. But with them conventionalism reigns paramount — society is

ever present to the mind of the individual — their sense of the ludicrous is exquisitely keen. The German loves abstractions for their own sake. In the isolation of his reverie, the whole province of reasoning and observation becomes as completely subjective as the inmost sanctuary of the feeling. The Frenchman will transform, by sentiment from within, the form of truth which he receives from without. The German mystic turns his back upon the schools, and is proud of elaborating both form and content from his own mind alone. Where the Frenchman is afraid lest his notions should be laughed at as fantastic and *bizarre*, the German revels in the monstrous, and is ambitious to amaze mankind by revolutionizing the world of thought. To secure popularity for a visionary error in France it must be lucid and elegant as their language — it must be at least an ingenious and intelligible falsehood; but in Germany, the most grotesque inversions of thought and of expression will be found no hindrance to its acceptability, and the most hopeless obscurity will be pronounced its highest merit. In this respect, the German philosophers resemble Lycophron, who was so convinced that unintelligibility was grandeur as to swear he would hang himself if a man were found capable of understanding his play of *Cassandra*. Almost every later German mystic has been a secluded student — almost every mystic of modern France has been a brilliant conversationalist. The genius of mysticism rises, in Germany, in the clouds of the solitary pipe; in France, it is a fashionable Ariel, who hovers in the drawing-room, and hangs to the pendants of the glittering chandelier. If Jacob Behmen had appeared in France, he must have counted disciples by units, where in Germany he reckoned them by hundreds. If Madame Guyon had been born in Germany, rigid Lutheranism might have given her some annoyance; but her earnestness would have redeemed her enthusiasm from ridicule, and she would have lived and died the honored precursor of modern German Pietism. The simplicity and strength of purpose which characterize so many of the German mystics appear to much advantage beside the vanity and affectation which have so frequently attended the manifestations of mysticism in France. When theosophic and theurgic mysticism arose in Germany, and attempted to construct an inspired science, which should disclose to the adept, by special revelation, the mysteries of nature and the hidden inhabitants of the fire and the waters, the air and the earth, it was associated almost everywhere with religion. Even Paracelsus was an amateur divine as well as a doctor, and dispenses, in his writings, theology and medicine together. Jacob Behmen clothes the mysteries of faith in the chemical jargon of his day, and unfolds his scientific

theories in the language of the Bible. But, with all his follies, no one who has read his letters can doubt the depth and sincerity of his religious feeling. In France, where the Reformation had been suppressed, and where superstition had been ridiculed with such success, the same love of the marvellous was most powerful with the most irreligious—it filled the antechamber of Cagliostro with impatient dandies and grandes, trembling, and yet eager to pry into the future—too enlightened to believe in Christ, yet too credulous to doubt the powers of a man before whose door fashion drew, night after night, a line of carriages which filled the street.

The fourteenth century was singularly prolific, both in the east and west, in every variety of mysticism. It is traced in Spain among the *Allombrados*, whose only records are the chronicles of the Inquisition. It existed in the university of Paris, among the remaining followers of Amalric of Bena and David of Dinant, the doctrinal successors of the pantheistic *Erigena*. It was the forerunner of the Reformation in Germany, and pervaded, under different forms, both the higher and the lower classes of society throughout Switzerland, the Rhineland, and the Netherlands. It was represented in Italy by Angela de Foligni and Catharine of Genoa, while St. Brigitta was its deputy from Sweden; in the east it was gross and material with the Hesychasts of Mount Athos, and sacerdotal with the Byzantine Cabasilas; while in Persia, Sufis like Dschelaleddin Rumi, Saadi, and Feridoddin Attar, adorned with all the luxuriant imagery of Oriental song, doctrines of mystical death, divine afflatus, and absorption in God, which constitute a pantheistic Quietism.

Under the great German mystics of that period—Eckart, Tauler, and Suso—mysticism was for the first and almost the last time thoroughly popular. It was occupied, it is true, with the most recondite speculations; its high-strained spiritualism urged the most impossible demands; but then its teachers wrote and preached in the vernacular; espoused the cause of the laity against the arrogance of the priesthood; stood up for the fatherland against French craft and papal domination; denounced judgment with a terrible prophetic fervor on the heads of robber-nobles and exacting priests; formed associations for safety and for reform throughout the great free towns, in which the layman and the clerk were on a level; and was, for many years, in many regions of Germany, the only kind of religion left to a people whose bells had been muffled, their mass-books shut, their churches barricaded, their priests silenced by the vindictive ban of a voluptuous Pope at Avignon. In the fourteenth century the range of mysticism was wide; its tendency was to idealize

the objective truths of revelation; it found a trinity and an incarnation within the heart of man; it aimed to restore men in time to the condition they were supposed to occupy before time, when they existed as thoughts in the mind of God—as archetypes within the divine word—in an everlasting *now*—without before and after; it strove to develop the divine spark, hidden in the depth of man's nature, by the gradual reduction of that nature to its nude simplicity. In the seventeenth century, and in France, this Platonic element—these aspirations after an antenatal state—these speculations concerning the perpetual incarnation of the Word in the persons of believers, drop out of sight, and mysticism concentrates itself, with Fenelon, on the inward life of disinterested love. The reformatory character of mysticism is far less prominent in the latter period; for in the fourteenth century reformation was longed for and yet afar off; in the seventeenth it had arrived, and the Gallican church, horror-stricken by Protestantism, identified every opposition to the excess of outward observance with Luther and the devil. The reforming mysticism of Germany could accomplish no reformation, because of the inherent defects of its principle. Confounding, as it did, sanctification and justification—deficient in scriptural truth, when grossly apprehended by the people it too often led to lawless excesses which disgraced it, and when retained in its purer form its refined transcendentalism could only secure the sympathies of the few.

We need not be at great pains, now-a-days, to show that mysticism is an error in science; that Jacob Behmen was egregiously mistaken in fancying the little room above his cobbler's shop a holy place, in which all the secrets of the universe would be revealed to him, while he sat in his chair, pen in hand; that the theosophists were wrong in imagining that their studies were like the Tower of the Universe, in which the wizard Zirfea enclosed the princes and princesses who figure in the romance of Amadis of Greece, and where all the history and mystery of the world was presented by magic to their gaze, as they reclined, spell-bound, upon enchanted seats.

Mysticism is not less an error in religion—an excessive subjectivity—a feverish spiritualism. It supposes the human mind to be like one of those old manuscripts called palimpsests, from which an earlier character has been effaced to make room for some later and worthless writing, and which the scholar carefully scours to remove the upper inscription and to restore the lower, which may prove some precious relic of antiquity, over-written by the barbarous Latin of a monkish scribe. Similarly the mystic proposes, by an abstraction which shall clear the mind of all that time and passion and the outer world have

written there, to discover the hidden law primarily traced by a divine hand, and to find, in the original of the soul, an exact transcript of the thought of God. The mediæval mystic, who persuaded himself that he had succeeded in this attempt, believed his mind a mirror which in its calm presented the exact reflex of the verities of the divine nature and the unseen world (*superiora invisibilia divina*)—his impressions obtained the sanction of revelation—and to look inward and to look upward was identical. Mysticism, in its higher forms, would ascend above all historic facts and sensible images—aspires to gaze immediately on the unrevealed Godhead, and to be lost in that as a drop in the ocean. It substitutes an unknown God for the known, and forgets that Scripture—adapted, not to an imaginary faculty of mystical intuition, but to the whole of our nature—is full of sensible images, of facts, of reasonings, and of appeals to that hope and fear which mysticism disdains. It forsakes the common sunshine of revelation for an extraordinary light which is to illumine its narrow and ascetic seclusion, and would be lit only—as the Talmud says Noah was in the ark—by the radiance of pearls and diamonds. Its self-annihilation has often so completely substituted God for the ravished personality of the individual, that many of its votaries have regarded themselves as a kind of divinities, as vehicles of God, and grown as mad as the hypochondriac woman whom old Burton describes as afraid to shut her hand lest she should crush the world. Its morbid introspection and its asceticism have generally made its followers inactive and useless. Naturalists tell us there is a torpor produced by heat as well as by cold, and that the crocodile and the boa lie, in the baking mire of the tropics, as insensible as the bear while hibernating in the arctic snow. It is the same in the spiritual world, and when the fervors of the mystic have subsided into practical Quietism, his sleep is as dead as the frozen slumber of the sceptic.

It is amusing to see how egotistical are some mystics in their abjuration of the Ego. They are never weary of talking about that which they profess to annihilate—the lamentations and confessions of their spiritual disorder minister continually to display—their eloquence shines in the description of imaginary ailments, and they parade their mental affluence as they disclose their spiritual maladies—somewhat like Zoilus, who pretended to be ill that he might exhibit to his friends the new purple counterpane he had just received from Alexandria. They remind us of that picture of Affectation so finely drawn by Pope, when he describes how

Faints into airs, and languishes with pride,
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapt in a gown for sickness, and for show.
The fair ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

The mysticism which arose in Europe to resist the exclusiveness of the clergy and the formalism of the Romish sacraments, did good service in maintaining the necessity of experimental religion against the *opus operatum*. But that mysticism which has been conducted and extolled by the priesthood, was too commonly profitable only to confessors and directors, and a most miserable experiment for its subjects. When the priests had caught an enthusiast, they availed themselves, with equal art and cruelty, of his anguish, his earnestness, his self-forgetfulness, to train him for a pattern—to stimulate his extravagance to its height;—for the more monstrous his asceticism, the more portentous and unnatural the distortions of his frenzied devotion, the more would the crowd gather, money flow, and priestcraft flourish. Such specimens of mental and spiritual disease were commonly regarded with all the reverence the Russian serf pays to an intoxicated man, with all the veneration the Mohammedan feels for the idiot whose intellect he believes to be in heaven. These models of useless self-sacrifice were put forward by a corrupt clergy to hide their own self-indulgence, and their sanctity was employed in ecclesiastical tactics for much the same purpose to which Cambyzes put the sacred birds of Egypt, when he posted a line of them before his invading army—aware that the Egyptians would rather surrender on the spot than harm a feather of their holy ibis. The fiery convulsions of these ardent natures was often found effective as a spectacle, to stimulate the sluggish devotion and the reluctant offerings of grosser temperaments—as chemists say, that the fires of Vesuvius and Ætna supply the air with gases which foster vegetation on the dull and quiet plains of monotonous Holland. In France, especially, mysticism was the frequent resource of men and women overwhelmed by sorrow, or disgusted with a life of dissipation. To such the most extravagant form of religion was the most attractive, as extreme begets extreme. In some cases, as they resorted to religion, disappointed by the world, so they took refuge in Quietism when disappointed by ordinary religion. Exhausted by the trying alternations of religious hope and fear, they embraced indifference—and their Quietism was less aspiration than desperation. It is sad to think of the sufferings of many a bruised heart, seeking peace in mysticism under the guidance of some Jesuit director—a religious Dousterswivel—whose pretended art is powerless to bestow the

treasure of tranquillity which is always promised, never realized — who, instead of healing the wounds which the world has made, only creates new distresses, new perplexities, and new sins, by his vexatious and unnatural casuistry — thoughts of fear, which inflame the yet smarting sore, like those stinging insects that bite and nestle in the wounds the vampire-bat has made in the flesh of the sleeper. In place of the solid, intelligible consolation needed by man, mysticism has too generally offered its intangible refinements — its indefinable divine illapses — touches — tastes, and manifestations — which emasculate, instead of bracing the soul — which vanish, like a dream, and leave it powerless and bewildered — which would be questionable fare for the taste of angels, and are but the mockery of food to mortals in the body. How happy would many of its votaries have been could they have substituted for its ethereal exaltations a little of that simple diet — the scriptural bread of life — so kindred to that element in which man lives. As it is, however, they resemble the lamb brought into the churches on St. Agnes' day — stretched out on its cushions fringed with gold — its ears and tail decked with gay ribands — bleating to church music — petted and adorned in a manner to it most unintelligible and unsatisfying — and seeming, to the ear of the satirist, to cry all the while —

Alack, and alas !

What's all this white damask to daisies and grass!

It is a poor consolation to offer men liberty in their dreams as a recompense for the wearisome inactivity of their waking hours — to give them the wings of vision in the night as a compensation for Quietist inertness by day — to emancipate the fancy, on condition of being suffered to lull the intellect into torpor. Few would be content, in our own day, thus to live but half their life, and to resemble in this respect that enchanted forest, which by day was a company of trees, but every night an army of warriors.

Among ourselves, of late, mysticism has appeared in opposition to scriptural religion. In England, Mr. Newman — in America, Theodore Parker and Emerson, exalt the religious sentiment above the Bible — question the possibility of a written revelation — announce the doctrine of disinterested love once more — propose to realize eternity in the present, by rising above the meanness of fear, and the selfishness of hope — and, in the name of the spirit against the letter, defend their own opinions as true spirituality, and assail those of others as a corrupt literalism.

The life of conversation consists more in finding wit for others, than in showing a great deal yourself.

From the Athenæum.

Paris after Waterloo : Notes taken at the Time and hitherto unpublished ; including a revised Edition of " A Visit to Flanders and the Field." By JAMES SIMPSON, Esq., Advocate. Blackwood.

IN 1815, Mr. Simpson — who was one of the first of our countrymen who hurried over to the Continent after the Battle of Waterloo, to visit the scene of war, and to travel through France, then triumphantly thrown open to the English tourist — published a little volume entitled " A Visit to Flanders and the Field of Waterloo," which was much read at the time. Since that time he has been known to the public for his exertions and writings in behalf of popular education. The volume formerly published, it appears, " formed a part only of notes taken during his sojourn in Belgium and France." Now, however, " looking over the hitherto unpublished portion, which for thirty-seven years has reposed in a dusty corner, and finding much which he himself had forgotten, but which narrates events and describes scenes that he thinks might be interesting, as they would probably be new, to his younger countrymen — especially at the present moment, that a recent loss has recalled the public attention to the marvels of days past — he has ventured to bring it out."

There is no denying that such a publication is curiously out of date. It has singularly the air of an after-thought. Its great merit consists in the enthusiasm with which it is written — recalling vividly to mind the state of feeling which must have been prevalent all over Great Britain at the time when the victory of Waterloo had recently intoxicated the senses and bewildered the imagination of the island. Here is a spirited passage, describing the effect which the news of the victory produced in the author's own town — Edinburgh :—

Such were the first tidings of the war, received in England in four days, and in Scotland in six, which, had they then been known, electric wires would have brought in as many minutes. The author witnessed the effect of the news in Edinburgh. It met him as he entered the outer hall of the courts of law, still called the Parliament House, from having been the hall of the Scottish Parliament, before the Union. The unwonted words were passing from mouth to mouth — " Wellington is defeated ! He has retreated to a place called Waterloo ! The game is up ! The hero of a hundred fights quails before the eagles of Napoleon ! The Prussian army is annihilated ! " And thus and thus was Pandora's box emptied :—

But Hope the charmer lingered still behind.

A retreat is not necessarily a defeat, began some one to recollect — a retreat, moreover, to a named

place, most likely a previously chosen position, infers a stand at that place. A detachment only has been engaged, and necessarily fell back on the concentrated main body. The retreat of the Prussians would have exposed its flank. Wellington had yet to put forth his strength. The French had *never*, since they first met him, gained the smallest advantage over him; on the contrary, had been beaten in every action, and that so statedly, that Napoleon was known to have exclaimed pettishly to the unlucky bearer of the news of yet another Peninsular disaster — “Bah! Les Anglais toujours battent les Français!” “No! No!” said one more sanguine reasoner of the long robe, “we shall have news of victory yet; and, as it must be near at hand, one way or the other, I should be more delighted than surprised if the castle guns should wake us to-morrow morning.” Another barrister, quite as patriotic, but less sanguine, would cheerfully pay a guinea for every gun fired for a victory, to any one who would take very easy odds. The bet was taken, the taker patriotically wishing to win, the offerer still more patriotically wishing to lose. The business of the morning had scarcely proceeded two hours, when a gentleman rushed into the great hall, and, almost breathless, shouted “Victory!” He was mobbed. “How had the news come?” “By express from the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, then in London. The French completely routed, at the place called Waterloo, by one grand bayonet charge of the whole British army!” Such was the brief flourish, for a lengthened struggle of ten hours, which was first sounded by Fame’s trumpet. The bearer of the glad tidings was soon in the court where the judges were sitting; the cheers of the Outer Hall were suspended only to be renewed in the Inner. Further law proceedings were out of the question; adjournment was ruled; and judges, advocates, agents, and officers, were speedily in the streets, already crowded by their excited and exulting townsmen. Nobody could stay at home. The schools were let loose. Business was suspended, and a holiday voted by acclamation. Everybody shook hands with everybody; and as the Lord Provost’s brief express, got by heart by the whole population, could not be made longer or more particular than it was, the most restless were perforce obliged to wait, with what patience they might, for the dawn of the next day. The sun of that morning saw no “sluggard slumbering ‘neath his beams.” The streets were crowded before the post arrived. The mail coach was desorbed approaching, adorned with laurels and flags, the guard waving his hat; and soon it dashed into the town amid cheers that made the welkin ring. The accounts were now official. All was confirmed; and, as early as seven o’clock, the Castle flag rose, and nineteen twenty-four pounders sounded in the ears and filled the eyes — for the effect was overpowering — of the excited throng. Need we say that the *nineteen guineas* were joyfully paid by the loser? or need we add, that the winner handed them over to the fund, speedily commenced for the wounded, and the widows and families of the slain?

The newly-published part of the volume — detailing what the author saw in his journey to Paris, and in his residence there after his visit to the battle-field — contains much interesting matter, though little that is new. A good many pages are occupied with his visits to the Louvre, and with his remarks on the paintings and sculptures which he there saw; and there is less of substantial information illustrating the immediate consequences of the battle than might have been expected. Some of the flying notes, however, are curious and valuable. In Paris he went about continually, and saw everything with the eyes of a young and enthusiastic stranger.

From the Economist.

The Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin; presenting the Original Facts and Documents upon which the Story is Founded, together with Corroborative Statements verifying the Truth of the Work. By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, Author of “Uncle Tom's Cabin.” Clarke, Beeton, and Co., Fleet street.

THE controversy in which Mrs. Beecher Stowe is involved with her slave-owning countrymen and their partisans has made the publication of the present work necessary. It is a collection of documents of all kinds, filling a large volume, to verify the statements of her former book. The novel, however, was infinitely more pleasing to read than the facts. We did not trouble ourselves as we read that about the evidence for its truth; but the present work is a book of facts and statements, which require to be dealt with as a basis of judgment. It must be closely scrutinized, and collateral facts taken into consideration, because it calls on us not to be amused with a tale, but to pronounce a verdict of guilt against a nation. It would have been better, perhaps, for Mrs. Stowe to have rested her case upon the general bad name of slavery. We are all willing to believe all possible horrors of that, though we may doubt the evidence she offers. A bad name will hang a dog, and it would have been as well for her to rely on the bad name of slavery. It cannot be conceded to the advocates of slavery in the South, even if we admit, as they assert, that the black race is created inferior, that this justifies the white race in reducing the black race to slavery. One consequence of the plan is, by the degradation of the whites, to create a condition of society very inferior to that of a society composed wholly of free whites. Another consequence is, to perpetuate and extend the inferior race. In contact with the superior race the Negro must, like the Indian, disappear; making him a slave preserves him. Were he not enslaved he must, in contact with the white

man, perish. Had he been found in America, as were the Indians, he would have been extirpated; and in America he can only live as the slave of the white man, whom his slavery injures. The free white States make a much more rapid progress in knowledge, skill, and power than the slave States. But for the continued growth of knowledge in the free States, the slave States would be no better than the West India Islands. Hence it may be concluded that those who advocate the superiority of the white race as a decree of Providence, counteract its consequences when they make slaves of the blacks and preserve them, instead of allowing the white race to plough them or eat them, as they have done the Indians, out of the land. On the admitted principle that there is a difference and a superiority of races, it cannot be said, as the partisans of abolition say, that the negroes should be placed on an equality with the whites. They are not placed on an equality in the Northern States, where slavery does not exist—they are not equal in England and Africa—and no laws, no institutions, no manners, can make them equal. To many people, accordingly, what Mrs. Stowe has written on the subject will appear an idle tirade. It excites ridicule in the States, and weakens her cause. She enlisted our sympathies by her novel; she will not be as successful in captivating our reason by her treatise, political, theological, and philosophical. It is undoubtedly a great storehouse of facts showing the bearings of slavery. It leaves slavery without the shadow of an excuse or defence—it lays bare its horrible cruelties and its manifold vices; but it does not inform the Americans how they are to get rid of slavery, nor satisfy us that the whites and the negroes can coexist in the same space except in that or a similar relation. In Barbadoes, where the two races do exist without nominal slavery, the bulk of the blacks are the tenants of the whites, and kept in obedience by white power. The alternatives are—slavery of the inferior race, or extirpation, or an intermingling of blood, which, with the Africans, seems not feasible. As negroes have been carried to America and allowed to increase under the protection of the white races, to extirpate them seems impossible, and therefore slavery is, and, we are afraid, must be, continued. At the same time there is no necessity to enforce that by law which exists as fact; and all laws which encourage or protect individual whites in the commission of cruelty ought to be put down. Inequality is not incompatible with kindness; it implies it, and kindness seems better than extirpation. The slaveholders must be rather encouraged to mitigate slavery, than terrified into enforcing it. The question in the United States is an all-important one, not to be solved

by sympathies. With the novel of Mrs. Stowe many would agree and would sympathize, who will not agree with many of the deductions of her treatise.

MYSTERIOUS MUSIC.—One Sunday afternoon, during a pause in a rain-storm which had lasted for six or seven hours, and during which the Genevieve and I had been fiddling and talking, and reading and dining together, he took occasion to remark upon my fondness for music, and said he could gratify it in an extraordinary way if he thought fit. I begged him to explain himself. He was in no hurry to do so; but, after some coquetting and delay, rose from his seat, and taking a large cloak from a peg in the wall, laid it open upon the bed, and then locking the door and closing the window-shutters, to exclude, as he said, even the slightest sound, seated me upon the cloak, sat himself down as close to me as possible, and pulled the hood over both our heads. Then placing his lips close to my ear he said: "You must not speak—you must hardly breathe. Listen!" I held my breath, and listened curiously for the best part of a minute before I was aware of any sound, and was just going to break the silence, when a small, but piercingly shrill strain seemed to traverse the very innermost chambers of my brain. I was not aware of the precise moment when it commenced, but I perceived instantly that it was accompanied by another note harmonizing with it, produced by different mechanical means, and a twelfth lower. The shrill treble ran dancing with inconceivable rapidity up and down a comprehensive gamut, in a kind of fantastic variations upon some popular air, which I could identify; while the accompanying bass, which might be compared for continuity to the drone of a bagpipe, but which, unlike that, was "musical as was Apollo's lute," though limited apparently to five or six notes, gave the successive intonations with all the precision and certainty of an instrument. The longer I listened, the more rapturous was the music, or, which was more probable, the more sensitive my perceptions became, and the better was I qualified to appreciate it. The notation of the fiddle, which at first hearing had seemed to glide up and down, became by degrees distinct and articulate as that of a flageolet, to which, however, it bore no sort of resemblance, and the sustained notes of the bass assumed a triumphant, pealing tone, which thrilled me with delight. When at length the strain suddenly ceased, and the Genevieve, throwing off the cloak, sprang up and opened the window-shutters, it was some time before I could recollect where I was. He laughed at my embarrassment, and, upon my complimenting him upon the beauty and delicacy of the performance I had heard, asked me whether I could show him how to turn it to account. As he confessed that, without the precautions we had taken, the music would have been inaudible, and that the hum of the smallest fly would have drowned the whole, I was forced to acknowledge that I could see no mode of making such a species of harmony marketable.—*The Working-man's Way in the World.*

PART III. — CHAPTER X.

No dragoons had been seen in Doddington within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, unless the reminiscences of that ancient and shadowy personage could extend back to Monmouth's rebellion, when Feversham's horse had marched through. And when it is remembered what a conspicuous feature her majesty's troops, especially the mounted and mustachioed portion, form in societies long habituated to their presence, it may be supposed that the sensation they created in this secluded spot was immense, and only to be paralleled by the commotion which those ancient cavalry the Centaurs caused at Pirithous' wedding.

They had been detached to Doddington from the nearest garrison town, in consequence of disturbances in the surrounding district. All the place was agog to see them march in. It happened to be a very rainy day, and instead of a splendid, dazzling spectacle, they presented to the sight a long row of bedraggled figures in red cloaks, which half-covered their splashed horses, and which quite concealed the glories of their uniform, trotting in none of the best order along the slippery and puddled street. But two days afterwards, the weather being propitious, they shone forth unclouded on the gaze of the inhabitants, and produced a great revolution in Doddington. The town was never very important in a commercial point of view, but now you would absolutely have supposed that the only remunerative pursuit that people of any trade or profession whatsoever could engage in was looking after the dragoons. Servant-maids were discharged at a moment's warning only to be replaced by others just as love-stricken and inattentive. The millinery business, so far as making anything except love went, was at a stand-still; and the members of it went down in public estimation towards zero, exactly in the same proportion as they rose in favor with the officers. Slander was busy with the names of the prettiest, and even an ordinary countenance was no protection. Miss Bonady, who had superintended the education of young ladies in the art of bonnet-making for full twenty years, found her time-honored good name in a fair way to be blasted; for a jury of matrons had been impanelled and was now sitting on her character. Country lovers, who, up to the advent of the soldiery, had been progressing charmingly with their Dulcineas, suddenly turned green or yellow in color, and savage in disposition, and took to poaching, or enlisted for soldiers; and, between agitation and tight-lacing, a vast number of children came prematurely into the world, many of whom, of both sexes, were reported to have been born with mustachios.

The beer trade began to thrive wonderfully

in Doddington. It was not merely that the soldiers consumed a good deal themselves, but the inns where they were billeted were filled every night with those convivial operatives who came to enjoy military company and conversation; while their wives either stood resignedly, like mournful caryatides, outside the doors, waiting for their lords and masters, or else disturbed the harmony of the meetings, by entering and forcibly carrying off their truant spouses from the society that so enthralled them. Dissenting ministers grew more energetic in their denunciations of all pomps and vanities, especially such as appertain to men of the sword, as their flock diminished in number—for many of their young female disciples had of late ceased altogether to wrestle with the spirit; and many an anxious old lady might be seen, after dusk, inquiring if anybody had seen her Jenny, the said Jenny being at that time probably loitering in some shady lane, having round her waist an arm in a scarlet sleeve.

The officers had established their mess in a large room of The Bush, the principal hotel of Doddington. Here, at seven o'clock in the evening, the various individual streams of ennui, imprecation, and desire for excitement, that had meandered wearily through the congenial region during the day, were received into one pond, thus fulfilling the great object of that important military institution, the mess, where warriors, who have been all day trying unsuccessfully to kill time in single combat—attempting to ride him down—poking at him with billiard cues, and the like feeble efforts at discomfiting him—are enabled to join forces, and fall upon their enemy in a body.

First at the dinner-hour came Tindal, the major, who lived in the inn. Smart, tight-built, and standing on the hearth-rug with his legs apart, as if there were a horse between them, one could almost swear, even when seeing him on foot, that he was a good rider—an accomplishment by no means so common as might be presumed in the British cavalry. Tindal was a man who liked to live in a large garrison town, with crack regiments in it, among whom might be got up steeple-chases, wherein he might distinguish himself, with a pack or two of fox-hounds within reach, a well-appointed mess, and a rubber of whist afterwards, with dollar points, and a fellow sitting by to bet about the odd tricks. These tastes, it was pretty clear, would not be gratified in Doddington, and the major accordingly cursed, in a calm, deliberate sort of way, the hour in which he was sent there.

Enter to him Cornet Suckling, who has not been long in the service, and whose upper lip looks like a fragment of the body of a young gosling. The cornet, having heard much of

the major's steeple-chasing exploits, and being (though a weak-minded youth) addicted to hero-worship, has in secret a great veneration for him, and, while speaking of him in his absence as "Tindal," or "old Tindal," or "that fellow Tindal," shows considerable uneasiness as he approaches the hearth-rug, whereon the formidable major is planted, and throws himself into wonderful and unnatural attitudes, in his attempts to appear at ease. First, he seats himself on the top rail of the back of the chair, and, tilting it over on two legs, rocks himself to and fro, in a manner nervous to behold; then he pauses, and punches the pattern of the carpet with his spur; then stooping his long, awkward form, till his elbow rests on the mantelpiece, he puts his splay foot on the fender, thereby upsetting it, and bringing all the fire-irons clattering down upon Tindal's heels, who, as he shifts his position, damns him internally for a stupid young muff. Tindal does n't like him, and seldom says much to him, except on parade, where he "pitches into" the unfortunate cornet (who has a fretting charger, and does n't know how to manage him) in a way that would render him desperate, if he had spirit enough to become so.

Presently hilarious voices are heard laughing their way up-stairs, and after a short delay, occasioned by their meeting with a chambermaid on the landing-place, Lieutenants Wylde Oates and Harry Bruce make their appearance. Without much in common, except an immense flow of spirits, these two are generally together. Both of them are sharp lads, and though their method of enjoying life is somewhat riotous, yet they do enjoy it, and will be capital fellows by and by, when the effervescence has subsided, and the liquor has got mellow. In the mean time, they are worth a gross, either of languid, irreproachable endurers of existence, or of fast men with low tastes, for they are a pair of gentlemanly scamps. Oates has a florid face, half-hidden in shirt-collar, in which he affects to imitate his deceased parent, who was a noted sporting character, and broke his neck in riding over a dining-table after dinner for a wager, leaving to Oates, junior, a sorely diminished patrimony and a sporting reputation—two things scarcely susceptible of simultaneous improvement. Bruce is handsome and dark, with brown curly hair and brown eyes, and a face expressive of good-humor and intelligence. They immediately communicate the adventures of the day to Tindal, who listens with grim approval; while Suckling, brightening up, hovers round the outskirts of the conversation, and occasionally fills up an interval with an interjection or an admiring laugh.

"There's a queer old boy coming to dine with me, major," said Bruce. "I picked him

up to-day as I was poking about an old tower in the neighborhood of the town. He had found a large fragment of stone, with an illegible inscription on it, and, being a great antiquary, was staggering home under his prize, when I offered to carry it for him. In return, he afforded me such a quantity of curious information about the antiquities of the place, that we became quite friendly on the spot.

As he spoke, Mr. Titcherly was announced, and a little old gentleman entered, in an antique suit of black, with shoe-buckles and a brown wig. Mr. Titcherly was the literary lion of Doddington; he was, as Bruce said, of the Dryadust fraternity, and had devoted his long life to collecting information regarding the antiquities of the town, diving into ancient chronicles, deciphering the inscriptions on old tombstones, and occasionally filling up gaps very ingeniously with theories of his own. In this way he had compiled a complete chronicle of Doddington, from the earliest times down to his own, statistical, descriptive, biographical, and historical, with plates, notes, and a voluminous appendix, for which he had begun to collect materials in his early youth, and had got it finished by his sixty-fifth birth-day, and of which five copies had been sold in thirteen years.

Then came Bagot, bringing with him, according to previous notice to Tindal, his friend Seager. The latter leers at each officer to whom he is introduced as if he had some secret understanding with him, and stares at little Mr. Titcherly, as if he were some curious fossil; but Tindal being a sporting man, and as there exists a free-masonry among sporting men, he and Seager understand one another at the first glance.

The soup was brought in by the head-waiter of the Bush, a man of dignified deportment and mature years—a man who had waited on peers of the realm, county members, judges, of assize, sheriffs, and the like, with perfect composure and considerable credit, but who had, within the last week, been frequently informed that he was a muff, an impostor, a precious slow old coach, with other vituperative epithets, tending greatly to stagger his self-confidence.

"We won't wait for the other fellows," said Tindal, as they sat down to table. "Fane seldom favors us with his company, and Sloperton's always late. I believe he takes a couple of hours to dress. Gad, sir, life's too short for that sort of humbug, in my opinion."

"By the Lord," said Bagot, "if I was sure of living to the age of what's-his-name (that old beggar, you know), I would n't spend a minute more in that way than I do at present, and that's not much. And yet I know some old swells (fellows a precious deal older

than me) who get regularly made up by their servants two or three times a day, and actually think they put their clocks back that way."

"Take some sherry, Lee," said Tindal; "you'll find it deuced bad, I'm afraid."

"Infernal stuff!" said Wyde Oates.

"They say," said Bruce, "that good wine needs no bush, but the Bush is terribly in need of good wine. Shall we try a glass together, Mr. Seager?"

Here an odor of various compounded perfumes heralded the approach of Sloperton, who bowed to the strangers as he took a chair. Captain Sloperton possessed a face and figure that no young female of the middle or lower ranks could look upon without presently loving him to distraction. The first time the barmaid of the hotel set eyes on him, she put soy instead of sherry into the soda-water compound she was mixing, and handed it to a thirsty bagman, who, in consequence of drinking it, was very angry at the time, and very sick afterwards. Avenues of ringlets shot out of the doors and windows whenever the captain passed down the street, so that he might almost have fancied himself surrounded by the tendrils of a vineyard. From the number of complimentary epistles in verse and prose he received, one might have supposed that all the valentines written that year in Doddington, after lying in the dead-letter office since the 14th of February, had now been forwarded to him in a body. Some of these he exhibited at mess, and thereby excited considerable envy in the bosom of Cornet Suckling, who would have given his ears for a correspondence of the kind one tenth as flattering and voluminous. However, the cornet, thanks to the prestige of his uniform, made more conquests than ever he had done before, and flattered himself he was becoming a Lothario.

"Shut the door, waiter," said Wyde Oates, as the captain entered, "or we shall have a rush of love-stricken females after him. How did you give 'em the slip, Sloperton?"

"Tis a wonder they didn't run into him," whispered Bruce, "for the scent's breast-high. What a bore it must be, Sloperton, to be so adorable!"

Sloperton took quizzing very calmly, setting it down in general to envy. If he had not been so good-looking, it is probable he would have made a much better figure in the world, for he was by no means deficient in intellect. But the admiration so promptly accorded him by that portion of the fair sex who judge chiefly by the eye, had given a confirmed bent to his ideas, and he had sunk irrevocably into a clever trifler.

"Is Fane coming to mess?" asked Bruce of Sloperton.

"Don't know, really," said Sloperton,

pulling down his wristbands; "I'm not in his confidence."

"One of yours?" inquired Bagot.

"Yes; a captain of ours," said Oates.

"A good fellow, Fane, but infernally superior — deuced deal of reading and information, and all that sort of thing. I've been told he reads two or three hours a-day. You would n't guess it though, for he's a capital judge of a horse."

"He's a great favorite, too, with the women, if he only knew it," remarked Sloperton, speaking slowly, and with a graceful lisp. "I've known some of 'em quite spooney on him. If he only took the trouble to follow up his advantages, and would bestow a little more pains in dressing himself, I don't know anybody that I should consider a more formidable rival."

"Well, sir," said Seager, impatient at the captain's conceit, and going on with a story he had begun before his entrance, "the night before the race, Tommy came to me. 'Mis'r Seager,' says he, 'you and I have done a little business together many a time, and I'd as soon do you a friendly turn as any man. Well, I ought to know something about that 'ere horse, but I don't say nothing, only hedge! Hedge!' says Tommy, holding up his forefinger, and giving me a warning look. 'You're a trump, Tommy,' I said, 'and hedge I will, for I never knew you wrong yet;' and hedge I did. Gad, sir, 'twas lucky I did so, or I should have been two thousand to the bad — as it was, I netted a hundred and fifty. The favorite was n't even placed."

"Nothing like a friend at court in these cases," said Tindal.

"Ah, you're right, major," said Seager; "and I flatter myself no man has more useful acquaintances of that sort than I have. It's astonishing what an effect a little condescension, and an occasional tip judiciously administered, has among fellows of that sort, when it comes from somebody who knows the tricks of the trade. A greenhorn, now, might give twenty pounds to an understrapper in a stable for a bit of information, and the fellow would pocket it, and put his tongue in his cheek and laugh at him for a confounded fool — while a knowing one, by bestowing five, might get a hint worth a thousand."

"You've been a good deal on the turf, eh?" said Wyde Oates, who venerated men who had been a good deal on the turf. Seager grinned, and said he should rather think he had.

"Do you know Dakins?" asked Oates. Seager said he knew him well.

"Ah," said Oates, "he's a great friend of mine. Good fellow, Dakins."

"Splendid fellow," said Cornet Suckling, plunging head over heels into the conversation, and eager to boast his intimacy with the

redoubted Dakins. "Do you remember a bay colt of his by Cocktail?"

"Bay, with white fore-legs?" said Seager.

"Yes; I remember him."

"I bought him," said Suckling, with ill-suppressed exultation. "Deuced fine horse — dam by Orville."

"Dam by Orville," repeated Mr. Seager. "Ah, indeed; I should n't have thought he was ever worth a dam."

Mr. Suckling feebly attempted to join in the laugh that followed Mr. Seager's sally, and, muttering "Fine horse now — greatly improved since he was a colt," retired precipitately from the dialogue. When he reappeared, it was in a desperate attempt to retrieve his position in the eyes of Seager, by calling the unfortunate head-waiter a "lubber," as that hapless functionary placed a decanter before him. Then, in a reassured tone, he called out, "Seager, a glass of wine."

"Horrid beastliness!" said Suckling, setting down his glass after drinking it, and imagining he was quite safe in abusing the wine, as everybody else had already condemned it.

"I'm sorry you don't like it, young gentleman," said Bagot majestically. "It has been liked by good judges. 'Tis some I brought over from the Heronry, Tindal — hope you'll excuse the liberty, old fellow; but I knew the kind of article that was to be got here."

Snub the second for Mr. Suckling, whose forehead broke out into copious perspiration, while he felt a horrid sensation all over his body, as if his flannel waistcoat and drawers had been suddenly converted into sand-paper. Wyld Oates added to his discomfiture by telling him he did n't believe he knew cider from Johannisberg.

"Superb sherry," said Sloperton, sipping it; "and rather different from the medicinal compound we've been in the habit of imbibing here. Waiter!"

"Sir," said the waiter, darting to the rear of the speaker.

"Tell the landlord," said Sloperton, "with my compliments, that his sherry ought to be labelled 'Cholera, two years in bottle.'"

The waiter attempted to smile; but, seeing the perfect gravity of Captain Sloperton's face, he coughed and said, "Very good, sir." He was frequently charged with messages of this description, but was in the habit of suppressing them.

"I hope, Tindal," said Bagot, leaning back in his chair in the intervals of dinner, with his hands stuck in the pockets of his somewhat gorgeous waistcoat — "I hope that this infusion of young blood which you've brought to Doddington will put a little life in the old town and neighborhood."

"T would n't come before 't was wanted," responded Tindal; "for really, Lee, really, now, 'pon my life, I was prepared for something confoundedly slow, but this is too bad — too bad." And the major frowned and shook his head, as if slowness in a town was a high crime and misdemeanor, and, moreover, a personal injury.

"T was n't always so," said Bagot. "I remember it a cheerful place enough, twenty or thirty years ago. Many a jolly dinner have I eaten in this very room, at elections or assizes, or when the militia was out. But I don't know how it is, all the people who had any life in 'em seem to have died off or left the place. I hardly ever come down now — can't stand it, by Jove!"

"How is it," remarked Bruce, "that wherever one goes — at least I find it so — the inhabitants always talk as if life and spirit had passed away from their native places? I could almost fancy a troop of aged ghosts, in pigtails, pantaloons, and hessians, mourning over the decline of any place I happen to be quartered in."

"Doddington's not what it was when I was a boy," said Mr. Titcherly, waking up and joining for the first time in the conversation on the introduction of this congenial theme. "And, when I was a boy, old people used to say the same thing; and when those old people were boys, other old people, doubtless, said so too. Perhaps the present generation will tell their grandchildren, forty years hence, that the old town has degenerated sadly since they were young."

"It almost reconciles me to the shortness of existence," said Sloperton, putting his shoulders into his ears, "to know that we probably shan't be here to participate in the regrets of the said grandchildren for the lost excitements of their dissipated ancestors."

"Doddington," said Mr. Titcherly, hastily bolting a half-masticated morsel, in his eagerness to enlarge on his favorite theme — "Doddington was once a place of consequence. It had a cathedral and many churches — it had a convent of Gray Friars — it had a priory. It had a charter granted by King John. There are parish registers here extending back to Elizabeth's time. I've read 'em all through many times, and they are worth their weight in gold."

"What a precious old maggot!" whispered Oates to Bruce. "What decayed nut did you pick him out of?"

But Bruce rather enjoyed the old gentleman's reminiscences. The roistering propensities which caused him to fraternize with Oates lay only on the surface of his nature, while far stronger and more characteristic sympathies slumbered, almost unknown to their possessor, underneath. So he encouraged Mr. Titcherly to resume the subject.

"I remember the convent I mentioned well," he went on (warming to his work, as Oates said). "It was in excellent preservation when a parcel of modernizing meddlers pulled it down, to make way for a new assize hall—a place, gentlemen, that no human being, except a lawyer, could take an interest in. While they were digging the foundation, I picked up a jawbone, which, I believe, undoubtedly belonged to Friar Treverton, who flourished in Doddington about four hundred years ago; for the spot where I found it tallies precisely with the place of his burial, mentioned in an old manuscript in my possession."

Once started on this subject, it was not easy to stop Mr. Titcherly, and he proceeded to enlarge on the antiquities of Doddington, quite unconscious that he and his topics were alike uninteresting to most of his hearers. The very last audience an antiquary should select is one composed of fast men, who have enough to do to look closely into the present, extracting therefrom all the amusement and excitement it will afford them, and mourning over that portion of it which they are debarred from enjoying, without troubling themselves about the past. Fast men, too, are extending their ranks—the term must be widened, so as to include all the most successful and notorious characters of our time. We have fast speculators, fast statesmen, fast clergymen, who have left the slow Church of England far behind—even history is written now-a-days by fast historians, only to show us how incomparably superior the fast present time is to the past, and their works are lauded by fast readers and fast reviewers accordingly. And he who does venture to look back with regret or respect is an obstructive, a dreamer, a fit object for scorn to point its slow and moving finger at. How, then, could humble Mr. Titcherly, who could find interest even in the mortal remains of a long defunct Friar Treverton, hope for attention?

The truth is, I'm afraid, that the fast men of the time don't take much interest in anything—whether it is that the objects which engross them are not such as to call for much enthusiasm, whether they think the expression of it vulgar, or whether they have n't got any to express, I leave to the observant reader to determine.

"Without going quite so far back as all that," said Bagot, "you, Mr. Titcherly, must remember when Doddington was more alive than it now is—when the society was better. You remember Squire Oldport, and General Chifney, and Parson Hardbottle, and old Jack Petrock, the little king of Doddington, who carried the corporation in his pocket, and a dozen other jolly fellows, who would have been hand-and-glove with their military visitors in two days!"

"To be sure," returned the old gentleman, chuckling and rubbing his hands. "They were my contemporaries; I was at school with 'em all, and now they are all gone—some dead, some living elsewhere. No wonder the place seems duller to me."

"I confess, Colonel Lee," said Sloperton, "I don't so much regret the absence of the excellent old persons you mention, as of their female descendants. I have n't made acquaintance with a single young lady above the rank of a postmaster's daughter. By the by, may I ask, colonel, who those ladies were that we saw with you a day or two since?" (Sloperton knew perfectly well, having made most minute inquiries on the subject from the waiter.)

"My niece-in-law, Lady Lee," answered Bagot, "and two friends of hers. Fine women, sir. She's the widow of my poor nephew, Sir Joseph Lee."

"Baronetcy of 1600," murmured Mr. Titcherly; "one of James' creation—see appendix."

"A charming trio, indeed," said the captain. "Not many of the sort down here, I'm afraid."

"Well, there's one comfort in a quarter of this sort," observed Seager to Sloperton, who sat next him—"you can wear out all your old clothes, and so get a pull upon your tailor. 'I would be throwing pearls before swine to bring the new cuts down here.'"

"Yes, that's one advantage," answered the captain; "and another is, the chance of picking up some country beauty with a lot of money—something unsophisticated, you know, for one gets sick of your knowing women; one sees so plainly what they're at, you know—that is, any one who understands them. A sharp woman, with her clever designs upon one's heart, always reminds me of the what-d'ye-call-em bird—the flamingo. I think—that puts its head in the sand, and thinks the hunters can't see him. Now, one would like to have an affair with something simple and innocent, if it were only for a change; and if there was money enough with it, why, one might be induced to—a—a—sacrifice one's-self on the altar of Hymen."

"What an infernal puppy!" thought Mr. Seager. "Lucky fellow that gets Lee's niece," said he aside to the captain. "Lots of money, lots of beauty, and lots of good-breeding—no mistake about that. Lee knows what she's worth, and looks precious sharp after her, I can tell you."

"More fool he, I should think," said Sloperton. "What business has he to look after her!"

Seager winked and gave him a poke with his elbow. "I'll tell you all about it by and by," he said; "wait till we get an opportunity."

This did not offer itself till after they had left the table. But first a variety of topics were discussed, of the same nature as those decided in the answers to correspondents of sporting newspapers. Then there were some arguments conducted after the true mess fashion—that is to say, remarkable rather for confident assertion, tenacity of opinion, and bold denial, than for learning, logic, or deliberation; and in the course of which it was definitely settled by the majority, that the Prussians got deuced well thrashed at the battle of Blenheim; that Sheridan was saved from going to prison by selling his poem of the *Rambler* to his landlady for fifty pounds; that Sitwell of the Rifles won the Grand Military in an orange cap, and not in a white one; and that brandy-and-water, as hot as you could drink it, was a capital thing for gout in your stomach. This last curious medical fact was decided in the bar, where they stopt for a few moments on their way to the lodgings of Mr. Wylde Oates (Mr. Titcherly having taken his leave), to exchange a few compliments with the young lady who presided there, and to charge the waiter to follow them forthwith with a supply of wine, brandy, soda-water, and cigars.

Wylde Oates and Bruce jointly occupied apartments in the house of a dissenting grocer, somewhat disposed to asceticism in his religious views, and who was sorely troubled how to reconcile the harboring of these reprobates beneath his roof, with his allegiance to the tabernacle he frequented, and of which he was an important pillar. He partially satisfied his conscience for his toleration of them, by assuring his wife in private that the young men were workers of iniquity, and, to his certain knowledge, would eventually be broken to pieces like a potter's vessel; while the wife, who, from a natural softness of disposition, did not take the same religious pleasure in contemplating the perdition of her fellow-creatures, attempted to excuse them by saying they were "great sperits." On the first day of their taking possession, the good woman had greatly diverted the youngsters by coming up, about three o'clock in the afternoon, and asking them at what hour they would like their tea. "Gad, Bruce," said Mr. Oates, "fancy us fellows drinking tea, like a couple of old washerwomen—good idea, is n't it?" On the present occasion the grocer had caused his wife to sit up for their lodgers, and she, opening the door at their knock, was horrified at seeing the two "great sperits" attended by seven other sperits, evidently not come there for the purpose of sleeping, and making such a noise in their passage up-stairs that they woke the grocer, who, before he went to sleep again, consoled himself by a pious vision, wherein he saw the whole party undergoing the fate of Dives.

The sitting-room the youths occupied had a snug, respectable air about it, rather at variance with the character and pursuits of the occupants. The chairs and sofas were of a hardness and neatness rather calculated to mortify the flesh than to invite repose. A print of the Rev. John Styles over the mantel-piece, with no shirt-collar, a guileless face, and a collarless coat, appeared somewhat out of place between two favorite works of art belonging to Mr. Oates—"The Pet of the Ballet," and "Taking a Rasper;" and it really seemed marvellous how the reverend gentleman could preserve such a bland saintliness of aspect, with an opera-dancer of meretricious appearance, pointing her toe indelicately at him on one side, and a reprobate in a red coat riding furiously towards him on the other.

Immediately on the arrival of the waiter with a supply of liquor and a punch-bowl, Mr. Oates proceeded to compound scientifically that seductive liquor called claret-cup, after a valuable and unique receipt bequeathed to him by his departed father; while Bruce, stripping the covers from half-a-dozen packs of cards, arranged a table for whist.

"What 's this?" inquired Sloperton, taking up a pamphlet in a brown paper wrapper from a table, between his finger and thumb. "It smells confoundedly of bacon."

"That 's a tract," said Mr. Oates, with intense disgust, "left here by our precious prig of a landlord."

"He leaves 'em regularly twice a-week," said Bruce, "and they certainly do smell of the shop in a double sense. The last one was called *A Finger-Post to Heaven*, and this is *The Saintly Stoker*. I did n't wish to be rude to him, as he probably means it for civility; so I told him I was afraid I must defer the perusal of them for the present, being engaged in reading *The Vicar of Wakefield*, which book I mentioned on account of its decorous title not being likely to shock his prejudices; but he turned up his eye, and told me 'he feared that vicars were little better than whited sepulchres.'"

"Infernal canting humbug!" said Bagot. "He took £20 for his vote last election, to my knowledge. Where do you hang out, Captain Sloperton?"

"Why," answered Sloperton, "I've had considerable bother about my lodgings. I was obliged to leave a house on the second day, after paying a week in advance, because the family were addicted to onions; and I was expelled from a second lodging, otherwise comfortable enough, by a crying baby. I give you my word, sir, 't was a perfect cherub, and continually did cry. Imagine my feelings, on getting settled a little in a third place, at detecting the servant-maid—a maid whose face and hands actually shone with grease,

and who, in fact, had a person altogether perfectly glutinous — fancy my feelings at detecting her in the very act of using my hair-brush. She did, by Jove, sir!"

Here Sloperton took Seager aside, under pretence of getting advice about some turf business, but in reality to renew the subject of Bagot's connection with Lady Lee; and Seager managed so well for Bagot's interest, that he left Sloperton impressed with a due sense of the importance of the colonel's countenance and friendship, to any one who should entertain matrimonial designs upon her ladyship, as an indispensable preliminary to success.

"Would it be easy to get an introduction there?" asked the captain, stroking his mustache.

"Ask Lee, there; he's the keeper of the seraglio. Here, Lee," called out Seager, "here's an applicant for a ticket of admission to the Heronry."

"Oh, demmit!" quoth the captain, "don't put it in that way. But really, colonel, I should take it as a great favor if you would authorize me to call."

"To be sure!" cried the colonel; "come over to lunch on Wednesday — come all of you — and I'll get up an expedition into the country somewhere. Nothing like a riding-party for making people acquainted with each other."

Tindal was delighted with the prospect of the visit, and took Bagot aside.

"That Miss Payne, now, that I saw with you, Lee," said he — "do you know much about her family and prospects, and so forth?"

"Nothing at all," said Bagot; "but I can easily find out, if 't would oblige you."

"Oh, don't trouble yourself!" returned the major, affecting indifference; "I merely asked from curiosity. Splendid woman!" he went on; "I don't know when I've been so struck with the appearance and manner of any one."

"Take care!" said Bagot. "I always observe 't is a serious thing when a man past his verdant days takes a fancy to a girl. He always thinks himself so infernally knowing, that he won't take advice, whereas a young one sometimes will. You should have seen her take her first lesson in riding yesterday, Tindal. Gad, sir, you'd have been enchanted!"

"Yes!" said Tindal, eagerly — "Yes! How did she get on?"

"Never saw such pluck in my life — *never* saw any girl so thoroughly game. By Jove, Tindal, I'm half in love with her myself!" And Bagot related with great zest, and much to the admiration of the interested major, the events which attended the commencement of Orelia's first lesson.

The claret-cup, pleasant and insidious as that of Circe, was partaken of with much devotion by all, except Bagot and Tindal, who,

being older stagers, and knowing that present nocturnal pleasure would be purchased at an exorbitant amount of morning headache in imbibing that bewitching liquor, stuck to their brandy-and-water. It was when the whist came to a conclusion, and the effects of the exhilarating bowl became evident in increased rashness in betting, desire for chicken-hazard on the part of Oates, coupled with impatience at the non-appearance of supper, that Mr. Seager took occasion to enlarge on the merits of a little English mare he had lately purchased — a perfect marvel of a trotting mare, considering, as he said, that she was English. "I don't know what she can do," said Seager, "for I forgot to time her; but I fancy she took me something like seventeen miles within the hour."

"Take care, my boy!" said Bagot. "Are you sure of that? I don't know any English mare that can trot seventeen miles an hour."

"Bet you an even fifty she won't do it again," said Wyld Oates.

"Well, it's my opinion she can," said Seager, "and I don't mind backing my opinion."

"I would n't bet about time," said Sloperton, who was somewhat flustered from drinking; "but I've a horse that I rather fancy can gallop a bit, and I don't mind making a match with you."

"No," said Seager, "she can't gallop, she's a trotting mare. But I'll back her to trot half-a-mile while your horse gallops three quarters, if you'll give me fifty yards."

This proposition was discussed in a variety of forms and modifications. Seager was secure of his mare's powers; and Sloperton, besides being somewhat excited by his share of the claret-cup, was anxious to produce a favorable impression on Bagot, by making what he fancied a judicious sporting bet. Next to his reputation as a man of fashion, Sloperton piqued himself on his judgment in betting, and luckily he was rich enough to indulge this propensity without so much imprudence as sporting men occasionally exhibit. So Wyld Oates, having risked his fifty against Seager's, and the latter being drawn, with what looked like rashness (though that was the last infirmity which Seager could ever be accused of), to offer to back his mare, for a thousand, to do one mile more — *i. e.*, eighteen in the hour — Sloperton took him up; and after some discussion the wager stood in a double form, as entered in Mr. Oates' betting-book, thus: —

"Slop. bets Seag. 500*l.* the horse Bouquet gallops three quarters of a mile before the mare Goshawk trots half-a-mile, less twenty-five yards — to come off within two months."

"Ditto bets ditto, said mare, Goshawk, does not trot eighteen miles within the hour — also within two months."

Bagot, too, made an entry to the same effect — though that was needless, for circumstances afterwards caused the bet to impress itself strongly on Bagot's memory.

After a little more betting, the waiter from the hotel was heard knocking at the door, and demanding to know when they would like supper; and Wyld Oates, putting out his head, delivered an order for a variety of stimulative delicacies forthwith, winding up with a devil and lots of broiled bones.

"Broiled bones!" ejaculated the grocer, beneath the bed-clothes — "ah, little do the poor, lost creatures think whose bones are predestined to be broiled; and a devil too — why, it's quite prophetic!" and the grocer smiled as he turned drowsily on his pillow.

It was near morning when the dog-cart was brought out, and Seager and Bagot mounted into it, the former taking the reins, for the colonel was hardly fit to drive, especially as there were some sharp turns in the road. Then, bidding their military friends good-night, they rattled off, the silent street echoing hollowly as they sped along.

"Not a bad night's business," said Seager; "I look on the fifteen hundred and fifty as safe — the mare can do it easy. In a day or two, you and I will go down quietly and have a look at her."

CHAPTER XI.

The ladies had, as Bagot knew, projected an expedition on horseback into the country. Telling them of the invitation he had given to his military friends, of their wish to be introduced at the Heronry, and reminding the ladies of the obligation they were under to Tindal in the matter of the riding-lessons, he found no difficulty in getting them to admit the dragons to join the riding-party. Rosa's eyes sparkled at the idea — Orelia gave her imperial sanction — *le reine le veut* — and Lady Lee, though rather indisposed to the forming of new acquaintances, was unwilling to disoblige Bagot. The latter, moreover, in order, as he said, that every Jack might have his Jill, had recruited a couple of young ladies from a neighboring country-house to join the party.

These were the two Misses Clumber, daughters of Sir Christopher Clumber, Bart., and were (considering they were sisters) remarkably different in character. Trephina, the eldest, was afflicted with such a perpetual thirst for information, that she applied for it at all founts that offered, without much considering what the quality of the supply might be; and, accordingly, she had imbibed some curious facts, such as are not generally imparted to a young lady. The other, instead of improving her mind, which was naturally so weak as not to be susceptible of much improvement, devoted all her time to the adorn-

ment of her person, which was pretty, but not so pretty as she fancied it. They were to join the cavalcade as it passed their lodge gates.

The Wednesday on which the riding-party took place was one of the last days of May.

The month of May — the words are Hawthorn-scented, causing the most unimaginative reader to dream of green fields and fresh flowers and a warm sun. Poets, since first there sprang such a race in England, have conspired to deck May with sunshine and freshness, and garlands plundered from her neighbor June; and notwithstanding the too often sad realities of east wind and rain — notwithstanding the numbers of betrayed and unfortunate persons who, having, in the trustfulness of their public temperaments, been seduced into going a-Maying, return with damp dresses and shivering frames, and colds in their heads — still the people, steadfast in their illusion, blindly believe in the delights ascribed to their favorite month, and, spite of wind and weather, invest her idea with the sweets of Paradise — she is the pleasant, the merry month of May.

The fact is, the month — naturally an asthmatic, chilly month — has been padded into shape. Every succeeding writer, who has occasion to mention her name, adds his mite of a flower or a gentle breeze, and thus, insolvent as she is in pleasantness and sunshine, her credit is sustained by a paper-currency.

The May morning that shone on the riding-party was, however, one of the old poetical kind, quite restoring one's confidence in Chaucer — warm, sunny, fresh, musical. The few white clouds that floated across the blue depths were soft and vapory, melting at their edges into thin gray tissues. There was breeze enough to dissipate and convey abroad the heavy perfumes of the furze on the common and the honeysuckles in the lane, but not enough to scatter the unseen multitudes that filled the air with their humming. Voices from low-lying distant fields came with plain intonation on the ear; so did the cawing of the rooks around the elms in the village across the river, and the rumble of the wagon traversing the bridge.

Rosa, looking forth from the window of the breakfast-room, fresh as one of the roses that bloomed beside and around her, saw the cavaliers approaching, their sleek horses glistening in the sun.

Tindal and Sloperton rode first — the former with a slight *soupc*on of the jockey in his costume; the latter, after deliberating so long over his multifarious wardrobe that the others were on the point of starting without him, had decided upon a very quiet, though exquisitely-cut suit — gray trousers and waistcoat, black riding-coat and neckcloth, simply

relieved by white gloves — for the captain was fond of affecting a great sedateness both of dress and aspect; — and having thus, unassisted by foreign or adventitious aid, made the desired impression, would subsequently come forth in full radiance, and carry all before him. As he approached the house, he straightened himself in his saddle, drew his knees a little back (for he was a bad rider, and they would slip forward out of place), lowered his heels to riding-school trim, and, taking in the whole front of the mansion in one rapid, furtive glance, feigned to be unconscious that anybody was looking at him. His position in the saddle, he flattered himself, was admirable, and, on reaching the gravel sweep before the entrance, he rode a little in front of his companion, in order that nothing might obstruct the view of his symmetrical proportions, but was sorely disturbed in mind and seat when Bruce and Oates came dashing alongside at a gallop, and caused his horse Bouquet to curvet unpleasantly, thereby affording great delight to Mr. Oates, who whispered to Bruce that "Nobby was deuced near spilt."

Bagot was in the hall, teaching Orelia to play billiards, and, hearing their approach, he came out to the door with a cue in his hand.

"Glorious day, boys!" said he; "dis-mount and come in."

"Deuced nice house," thought Sloperton, looking round the lofty hall, which reached as high as to the second story, with a balcony round the upper part, and was so spacious that the billiard-table looked quite small in the midst of the tessellated pavement. Near the table stood the majestic Orelia, holding her cue something after the fashion of a scoper.

"I need n't introduce Major Tindal," Bagot said to her, as the major advanced, so much abashed by Orelia's queenliness that his habitual formality stiffened into an almost awkward shyness as he greeted her; while the self-complacent assurance of Sloperton, and the too-easy confidence of Mr. Wyld Oates, rebounded from it ineffectually. "Now then, boys, what d'ye say! — beer, after your ride! — capital home-brewed — glass of sherry! — no! then come along to the drawing-room."

"I don't think I mentioned to you that I've the honor to be connected with Lady Lee," said Sloperton to Bagot, as they walked up the broad staircase — "a sort of cousinship."

In fact, Sloperton's father was her mother's first cousin; but the Sloperton family had been so much scandalized at her mother's marrying a country clergyman, that they considered it due to their own dignity, and to the demerits of the offender, to drop all intercourse with her forthwith. Sloperton had

reserved the fact of the relationship, in order that he might judge whether the style of her ladyship's house and society would render such a disclosure advisable or not; and we may safely aver that, had these matters not proved to his taste, he would have kept the "sort of cousinship" a profound secret.

"God bless me!" said Bagot, "you don't say so. I did n't know I was bringing you a relation, Hester," he continued, as they entered the drawing-room. "Your cousin, Captain Sloperton."

Lady Lee looked rather surprised. Probably, if she had met the captain anywhere but in her own house, she would not have acknowledged him, for she happened to know how affairs had stood between her mother and the Sloperton family. But as he appeared as her guest, she took the hand which the captain proffered for a cousinly shake, with sufficient civility, though without any warmth. "Ah," thought the captain, "I see — proud, and a little indignant; we'll bide our time." And, merely expressing his sense of good fortune at having made the acquaintance of such a relative, the captain, with his most bewitching bow, relinquished the hand he held, and stood aside to let his friends make their obeisances.

Perhaps the calm indifference which marked her ladyship's reception of them was as little calculated to encourage the strangers as the stateliness of Orelia. But Rosa's manner was enough of itself to set all at their ease; she never thought about herself or her own dignity, but received each in a smiling, friendly fashion that disarmed all criticism, and caused Mr. Oates to eulogize her to Bruce, in a whisper, as a "jolly little girl." Bruce and Rosa were friends at the first glance; they were both of them so open, genial, and unembarrassed, that the slight circumstance of their never having met before in their lives was altogether lost sight of within a quarter of an hour after the introduction.

"Now, then," quoth Bagot, bustling about, "we'll decide where to go, and then to horse forthwith. You must know, gentlemen, that the ladies, before they were aware they were to have the pleasure of your company, had each proposed a different point to ride to; and how they'd have settled it without us I don't know. I'll just read to you, from these slips of paper, what each had to say in favor of her own choice, and then we'll put the matter to the vote;" and, uplifting his double gold eye-glass, he took one of the three slips from the table, and stooping over it, and moving his head, like an antiquary spelling out an old tombstone, as he followed each line, read the contents slowly.

"First we have The Skyrack, one of the mountain ranges you see from the northern windows." (Here Bagot motioned with the

double eye-glass in a northerly direction, and then resumed his reading.) "It towers above the others, and from its top you look on three counties and on the sea. There are no trees except some stunted pines and a mountain-ash or two; it holds a small lake in the hollow of its hand, as it were, in whose gray, steely surface are inverted the dark beetling crags, and the sky, and the clouds. There are no small, insignificant beauties to fritter away the attention; all is grand and savage desolation."

It needed not Bagot's friendly wink to inform Tindal that this was Orelia's choice.

"Dairy," Bagot read again, from the next paper, "is the dearest little, old-fashioned farm-house in the world—as you will say, when you first catch sight of the corner of its white wall and thatched roof among the apple-blossoms. There are wide, low meadows all around, with plenty of flowers and cows, giving promise of such nice cream—and they keep their promise, I can tell you—and the river runs at the margin of them, with islands of yellow gravel parting its clear brown streams, and willows fringing the opposite bank. All round are woods, ancient enough and majestic enough to please even some of our grand and lofty-minded acquaintances." ("Personal, by Jove!" interpolated Bagot, and Orelia shook her riding-whip at Rosa, who tried to look demurely unconscious, while Bruce smiled at her intelligently.) "And it is undoubtedly a pleasanter and more cheerful scene, to anybody of proper taste and feeling, than those horrid solemn crags."

"No *ex parte* statements of that sort ought to be allowed," said Orelia.

"Certainly not," said Tindal.

"Nor such low appeals to vulgar tastes, as promises of cream," said Orelia.

"I've a particularly vulgar taste, and like cream excessively," said Bruce.

"The White Fall" (so ran the third paper) "is a cascade shooting out of the rift of a mossy rock, whose faces are all wet with its spray. It is caught in a basin bordered thickly with ferns, from which it drops successively into other basins, till it flows away out of sight. Ascending by slippery steps cut in the rock, you come suddenly on a ruined abbey, standing in front of dark massive woods. The scene unites the sentiments of the grand and antique with those of the picturesque and familiar."

"There," said Bagot, dropping his glass; "most votes carry it." Having collected them, he declared the state of the poll to be in favor of the last proposition, which had emanated from Lady Lee; and for the White Fall they started forthwith.

Bagot marshalled the cavalcade. Lady Lee, disposed to be agreeable to her compan-

ion, Captain Sloperton, glanced at him, to try and guess what style of conversation was likely to suit him. "Dear me, What a handsome man!" she thought, at the first glance; then, after a second, "what a pity the expression was forgotten when that face was 'designed!'" Sloperton, aware he was being scrutinized, looked over his horse's head with a face preternaturally composed, as if he were sitting for his portrait, saying nothing; not because he wanted conversation, but for fear of breaking the charm. "Let her look," said Sloperton to himself; "it's only your confounded ugly fellows that are forced to go off at score with the conversation." So he sat perfectly still, except that he turned his profile a trifle to the left, so as to bring the outline of his nose into more favorable view.

Presently Lady Lee broke into a smile. "Has it no voice, I wonder?" thought she, "this military statue of Apollo?" And she waited a little longer to see what time might bring forth; but it brought forth nothing, except the removal of a speck of dust from the captain's shirt-front with the point of his little finger.

"An amusing piece of sculpture!" thought her ladyship;—"he must have escaped from some wax-work establishment."—"Captain Sloperton," she said, "I'm sure you must be fond of angling."

The captain turned towards her a face illumined with a smile ineffably sweet, which he suffered to steal gradually over the composure of his aspect. He had known that smile do him yeoman's service ere now, going right through the eyes of a hitherto obdurate lady, till it quivered in her very heart.

"Angling! Why so?" asked the captain, in his sweetest, softest tone, studying her face in return through his large, melancholy black eyes.

"Because Izaak Walton calls it 'the contemplative man's recreation,' and you appear to be a contemplative man," said Lady Lee. "Do you generally pursue your meditations in company or alone?"

"You allude to my silence," said the captain, with another smile, this time of bewitching frankness; "but the fact is, I never presume to offer any remark at the commencement of an acquaintance, unless I think it worthy of the hearer. I believe, in this instance, I might have waited till doomsday—and, in fact, I was just beginning to despair when you spoke. Confess now," said the captain, gracefully extending his right hand with the palm uppermost, and inclining his head a little to one side, interrogatively as it were, "would you not have considered it an insult to your understanding, if I had begun by remarking, it was a fine day, as if I were an almanac?"

"On the contrary, I should have agreed with the observation very heartily," said Lady Lee. "Do you suppose I expect to find mankind in general carrying the admiration of their hearers by a *coup-de-main*, instead of opening the trenches in form?—like Mr. Burke, of whom it was said, that nobody could stand with him under a door-way in a shower of rain without finding him out to be an extraordinary man."

"Burke was an extremely clever fellow," said the captain, "undoubtedly; but he labored under a great disadvantage. I believe, from a portrait I have seen of him, that his idea of dress was perfectly ridiculous; in fact, his dress was by no means equally imposing with his address; and who could listen, you know, to a sage in a disreputable coat or a cravat like a poultice!—the idea's absurd."

Lady Lee laughed heartily at the idea of an acquaintance with Stultz being indispensable to the success of a philosopher.

"It is not very long ago," continued the captain, following up the impression he considered he was making, "since I heard a person who was dining with a friend in the next box to me in a French eating-house, talk so cleverly and amusingly, that I got quite interested in him. I figured to myself, of course, a remarkably well-bred, agreeable person, dressed with unimpeachable taste. At last, after a most capital story, told with charming humor, my curiosity to see him became so great, that I got up in the middle of my dinner (the greatest bore in the world, you will admit), and made an excursion across the room to the bell, expressly to look at the clever unknown. You'll hardly believe me, Lady Lee, when I tell you he had the impudent bad taste to be witty in a—what do you think now?"

"Carter's frock and hobnailed shoes!" guessed her ladyship, chiming in with his humor.

"Nothing of the kind," said Sloperton. "He wore a brown satin waistcoat with yellow stripes, and a bright-blue coat with brass buttons, while his hands were like huge slices of beet-root, with carrots at the end for fingers. I naturally lost all interest in him at once; his jokes, after that, were all tinged, to my fancy, with the vulgarity of his attire. That, now, is a case exactly in point."

Again Lady Lee condescended to smile. The captain's foibles were new to her, and his ultra-dandyism amused her by its strong contrast with the calm melancholy of his aspect. So she continued to give him her attention—and that he always considered as the natural prelude to a woman's giving him her heart—and went on with increased confidence, till he branched off into the flattering and sentimental vein, in which she thought him decidedly tiresome, though he fancied he had been unusually brilliant.

The major, riding beside Orelia, with the corporal at her near rein, to which station she had summoned him, surveyed her with a grave and courteously critical air.

"Upon my word," he said, "either Onslow must be a capital instructor in female equestrianism, or he must have met with a singularly apt pupil. I don't know when I've seen a lady sit so easily and well."

"Pray give all the praise to Mr. Onslow," said Orelia; "and permit me, at the same time, to thank you for giving us such an excellent master."

"Allow me to hope," said Tindal, with the air of one who requests where he may command, "that to-day you will permit me to be your riding-master. We will dispense with Corporal Onslow's services, and—"

"By no means," interrupted Orelia, "I prefer the present arrangement infinitely. That is" (observing the sudden dark flush that overspread the major's countenance), "I have great confidence in Mr. Onslow—and besides, nobody, you know, can serve two masters. Your systems might clash, though both are no doubt excellent. So" (turning to Onslow), "pray remain with us."

Onslow listened to the major's proposition for dismissing him and to Orelia's detainer, with the same calm expression which he usually wore when his superiors in rank asserted at all imperiously the distinction between them, and without the slightest appearance of discomposure. It was the expression of one who, knowing well his superiority to the station he filled, felt no irritation at being reminded of it; and this demeanor appeared, in Orelia's eyes, far more dignified than the most tragical exhibitions of wrath, and most magnificent frettings on the curb, could have been. "Confound the fellow!" thought the major, glancing at his handsome, easy subordinate, "I wish he'd take himself off." But he affected to smile, as he bowed his acquiescence to Orelia, saying, "her wishes were law to him, and Corporal Onslow should certainly remain—" at all which, a smile might have been noticed, by a keen observer, to dawn on Onslow's face.

From this moment the major quite ignored the corporal's presence, trying to converse as if there were no such person within hearing, or in existence; a mode of proceeding which was rendered somewhat difficult by the frequent appeals which Orelia made to Onslow, for his opinion on matters they conversed of—deeply outraging the major's sense of military etiquette, of which few had stricter notions than himself. But of military etiquette Orelia knew but little; in fact, being, as we have elsewhere hinted, somewhat of a self-willed young lady, she did not permit etiquette of any kind to rule her conduct further than she pleased; and, accustomed to see in her

riding-master one who possessed the manners and language of a gentleman, she had almost dropt out of sight the fact of his real position.

"The filly suits you admirably," said the major presently to Orelia. "I should think her a little too hot to be pleasant to the generality of riders—but you, Miss Payne, have a particularly light hand."

"So Mr. Onslow tells me," said Orelia, "though, to say the truth, I don't exactly know what a light hand is."

The major frowned—Onslow again! and Mister too! "You've brought your sketch-book, I see," said he, after a pause—"may we hope for the pleasure of seeing it employed to-day?"

"Certainly," said Orelia. "I always sketch during my rides."

"Might I be permitted a glance?" asked Tindal, extending his hand towards the book. Orelia handed it to him.

"Beautiful!" cried the admiring major, turning the leaves as the book rested on the pommel of his saddle. "Most masterly, and evidently done with great ease and quickness. If I might venture to say which I prefer, it is this one—principally on account of that group of figures in the foreground."

"You are right, Major Tindal," returned Orelia, "those figures are excellent. I wish I could hope to rival them."

"Dear me, are they not yours?" said the major, vexed at his blunder.

"They are some that Mr. Onslow was so good as to put in," replied Orelia. "Do you not recognize his rather uncommon style?"

"Indeed!—ah, I was not aware," said the major coldly—and, muttering something about "fine distances—bold outline—warm skies," he closed the sketch-book, and returned it to the fair proprietor.

"This now," said the major, presently, pointing with the but-end of his whip at the landscape before them, "allow me to suggest, is a fine subject for a sketch. This clump of trees in the foreground—that white cottage beyond, with the river and those hills in the distance, would, in your hands, Miss Payne, make a very beautiful picture."

"So I think," said Orelia; "but Mr. Onslow prefers the same view from a point we have just passed. I'm glad to have a champion on my side—pray discuss the matter with him, Major Tindal, and I will abide by the result of the argument."

"Really," said the major, reddening and frowning, "I am—a—a—not accustomed to—a—you must excuse me, Miss Payne—" and reining suddenly back, on pretence of the narrowness of the road, he rode by himself, much chafed in temper, at some distance behind.

"Your kind notice of me is most flattering," said Onslow, in a low voice, to Orelia—"and,

believe me, I feel it deeply. But will you pardon me for saying, that I anticipate consequences which may cause me to regret the display of your goodness."

Orelia turned her face severely and scornfully upon him. "It is I," she said, "who have reason to regret that I should have bestowed any notice on one who is capable of such an anticipation as fear on his own account. I could not have imagined any one guilty of such a mean feeling. You have shown me my error, and you shall certainly have no cause to fear a repetition of it."

Most men would have been abashed at the scorn with which Orelia turned her face from him as she concluded her speech; but Onslow, smiling, said, "You mistake me, indeed. I would not weigh any consequence to myself against your lightest word. But what I do anticipate is, that the major, in his evident displeasure, may deprive me of the opportunity of further enjoying the society I have found so—" (he did not say what)—"and may thus," he added, sadly and half-absently, "close suddenly for me the brief vision of paradise that has opened on the dull reality of my life."

Orelia colored a little at this warmth of expression. "Pardon me," she said; "I was too hasty, and did you wrong. I should indeed regret to be deprived of the benefit of your instructions. We will mollify this doughty chief of yours, and cause him to forget his wrath." And accordingly reining up, and summoning the major to her, under pretence of showing him some interesting feature in the scenery, she condescended, in a somewhat haughty, indifferent way, to smooth his ruffled plumes, and, giving him no further cause for ire, except once or twice, when she forgot herself, and dragged Onslow into the conversation, succeeded to a miracle.

Bruce and Rosa rode together in great harmony, followed at a little distance by Wylde Oates and Letitia Clumber. This latter young lady, besides being naturally stupid, and a very uncongenial spirit for the rattling Mr. Oates to encounter, was now particularly indisposed to make herself agreeable, in consequence of pining after the society of Sloper-ton, for whom she had, at first sight, conceived a warm admiration, which, she was satisfied, wanted only opportunity to become mutual. So at last, Oates, after giving her a description of a steeple-chase which she scarcely even pretended to listen to, and catching her yawning while he was telling her of a wager he had lately won, wherein he had displayed great sagacity, rode on with her to join the pair in front.

"Hang it, Bruce!" he whispered, as he came alongside; "fair play, you know. Deuce take me, if I can stand that simpering doll any longer, and there are you chattering away

with that jolly little thing like a couple of magpies, and not caring a curse about me. Turn about's fair play. You let me ride with her for the rest of the way out, and you shall be her companion all the way back." And Bruce, acknowledging the justice of this arrangement, went accordingly to do penance with Miss Letitia, while Rosa cast after him a glance of regret which Mr. Oates would have thought anything but flattering to himself if he had seen it; for Rosa had discovered that Bruce's sentiments on most matters were entirely identical with her own—that they had the same tastes in pictures and books and scenery—at least, he had always agreed warmly with her expressed opinions—and, in fact, they had got on very pleasantly together.

Bagot was the most ill-matched of the party. Poor old Bagot, having paired off the others to their satisfaction, had good-naturedly undertaken Trephina Clumber, who, with her usual desire for information, had put him, as he termed it, "through his facings" on the subject of the history of horse-racing—its origin, progress, &c., with incidental questions on the feeding of horses and rules of the turf. And Bagot, who had never, even on this his favorite subject, troubled himself with any historical retrospect, was sorely puzzled to reply, and, answering at hazard, communicated to her a fund of information on these heads more curious than correct, as may be seen to this day in the pages of Miss Trephina's journal, where she was accustomed to note down at night all the treasures of knowledge acquired during the day; in which are chronicled, among others, the not generally known facts, that the first King's Plate was run for in the time of Oliver Cromwell, and that Old King Cole was one of the earliest patrons of the turf.

The cascade was reached and duly admired—not on horseback, of course, but the steeds were fastened to trees, while their riders walked along the rocky path that led to it. And the fountain below the cascade was a wishing-well, with a legend attached to it, which Lady Lee related; and afterwards they dipped their hands in it, and wished silently, and it came to pass that some of them, in the fulness of time, had their wishes granted, and some had not.

When they dismounted, the corporal prudently turned his horse's head and rode homewards.

Leaving the fountain, they ascended the steps of the rock, and found lunch, which Noble had brought in a spring-cart, awaiting them under an oak; and afterwards the lady artists produced their sketch-books. Trephina Clumber, without any natural taste or talent for drawing, practised the art with wonderful pertinacity. She had studied innumerable

books on light and shade, and color and perspective, and the human form, and the anatomy of animals, and, in fact, perhaps muddled herself with her researches in art, for they resulted in productions quite unlike anything in nature. She seated herself under a tree, and sent Bagot to fetch her some water in a tin cup, while she arranged her color-box and brushes alongside. Then she made a sketch, and all the time she was so employed she lectured the colonel so learnedly on keeping, and aerial distances, and mellowness, and warm effects, and handling, that he felt very little doubt that Trephina was a very great artist, and was somewhat ashamed of himself when, on looking at the drawing afterwards, he took a remarkable cloud in her sky for a wooded mountain—and her own horse, which she had introduced in the foreground, for a goat—mistaking the crutches of the side-saddle for the animal's horns. However, her familiarity with the terms of art quite blinded Bagot to these little defects in her practice, and caused him to regard her as a female Claude. And many greater reputations than Trephina's are constantly established on precisely similar foundations.

Lady Lee, perhaps not finding Captain Sloperton's conversation in harmony with the scene, sauntered away by herself towards the margin of the stream above the cascade. Before her lay a broad pool, where the stream, though swift, was silent, and which was crossed by large stones at irregular intervals. Between these the water poured smoothly, and flowed rippling out of sight. In the broken water below the stones a fly-fisher was planted, assiduously practising his art. Up the stream the water darkened to deepest brown, as it passed beneath overhanging willows. Lady Lee remembered that, by crossing to the other side, a new and pleasing point of view was obtained, and she accordingly began stepping from one stone to another.

When about half way across, a stone rolled over and sunk, just as she was in the act of quitting it, and a little extra agility was required to attain the next one. Congratulating herself on escaping without a dip in the water, she stood here, as on a pedestal, admiring the view, which was at this point much more expanded than on the bank she had just quitted, enabling the observer to trace the stream through many a winding, and showing new undulations in the surface of the woods. Having sufficiently enjoyed it, she turned to retrace her steps—and then, for the first time, perceived that the displacement of the stone had rendered this a difficult task. The provoking pebble lay just beneath the surface, with the sharp corner uppermost, rendering it quite unsafe as a support, and the interval to the next one was too wide to

be attempted. She was unwilling to call for assistance, partly because the situation seemed to her to involve a little absurdity; secondly, because she dreaded being the object of the gallant efforts which the cavaliers would be sure to make for her rescue. So she began plumb the stream with her riding-whip, and, after poking unsuccessfully to replace the faithless stone, gathered her dress round her, and half-meditated a spring.

She made up her mind to it seven times, and seven times her heart failed her, leaving her precisely where she was. How often the process might have been repeated is doubtful; but just then she heard a splashing in the water close at hand. The fly-fisher, perceiving her dilemma, was wading to her assistance.

This fly-fisher was by no means an ordinary kind of fly-fisher. He was a handsome, noble-looking man, about thirty, with a light mustache, and was as unmistakably a gentleman in his tweed shooting-jacket and wide-awake hat, as if he had been dressed in a coronet and robes. Now, if he had considered a moment, he might have rendered the necessary service to her ladyship by replacing the stone in its old position. Perhaps if Lady Lee, instead of appearing to him more charming than any nymph that ever haunted a stream, had been a respectable old lady with black mittens and a brown wig, he would have done so; perhaps it did not occur to him; perhaps he preferred taking his own course; however, with no other preliminaries than a bow and a few words of apology, half-lost in the murmur of the waters, he took her ladyship in his arms. One would have thought it would have been quite sufficient to carry her to the next stone, and leave her to pursue her way—and it is believed she did make a representation to that effect; but her speech, like his, was lost in the noise of the stream, and he only relinquished his fair burden (which perhaps he liked) when landed safely on the bank. Then, with a few words expressing his sense of "his own good fortune in being of the slightest service," and a rather confused offer of thanks from her ladyship, he, with another bow, went back to his fishing, and her ladyship rejoined her friends, to whom, for some reason or other, she said nothing of her adventure.

They lingered, admiring, chatting, and sketching about the wooded slopes above the cascade, until evening began to shadow the landscape, and to show the broken arches and ruined walls of the abbey strongly relieved against the sky which gleamed purply through the spaces left originally by the builder, and those made since by Time the unbuilder. Orelia looked on it in an artistic light, and admired the breadth and softness of the shadows, the still, brown depths of the river, with a gray

glassy gleam where the sky was reflected—the golden scatterings of light where the sunset still lingered on the woody hills, and the clouds just beginning to put off their evening robes of orange and crimson and gold, as the ruler of the day descended out of sight. Lady Lee looked at it in a sentimental point of view, thinking of the old monks who had seen the sun set behind those slopes, who had wandered through those woods, and had dreamed away their lives in those shattered cells; feeling a sort of sadness mixed with the beauty of the scene, as imaginative people do, when the departing day looks on the ancient abodes of departed beings. And Rosa, who was neither sentimental nor artistic, felt a pleasure she did not seek to define in the stillness and freshness and clearness of air, earth, and sky, and chirped forth her gladness unconsciously and unrestrainedly as the nightingale who was giving life to the neighboring woods.

Bagot experienced a mixed feeling, compounded of a desire for brandy-and-water and billiards, and a fear that the dewy grass was a bad thing for the gout; so he managed to get them to horse, and to proceed homeward; and when they reached the Heronry, they had a sort of meal compounded of dinner and tea—too informal for the first, and too solid for the last; and then, after some music from the ladies and Sloperton, who sung to the guitar with a clear and sad, though utterly unmodulated and inexpressive voice, the dragons rode home, all of them well pleased.

Tindal was pleased, because he had latterly found Orelia's manner and conversation entirely to his taste; for the slight haughtiness, and occasional symptoms of imperious temper that she displayed, had of themselves a certain charm for him, harmonizing well, perhaps, with the main chords of his own character. Moreover, he purposed putting an effectual stop to the corporal's lessons immediately.

Bruce and Wyld Oates were both pleased, because they had found in Rosa exactly what her face promised, and their respective shares of her society had been apportioned on the most equitable principles.

Sloperton was pleased, because he considered he had been particularly charming. "I'm a little past thirty," said the captain to himself, "and the variety of these love affairs is getting fatiguing. I've been thinking for some time of settling down quietly whenever I could find a proper person—and yesterday I discovered a white hair in my right whisker. Gad, I may turn gray or bald, and my chances will be diminished twenty per cent." So the captain resolved to fascinate Lady Lee, and viewed the design with the calm confidence of a powerful mesmerist about to set to work upon a subject of nervous and susceptible temperament.

CHAPTER XII.

On regaining his quarters on the evening of the riding-party, Onslow, in spite of the *non-chalance* which marked his general demeanor, displayed in his manner some degree of agitation.

He was billeted at the Grapes—a cosy, snug, old-fashioned hostelry, hid away up a by-lane, which was entered from the main street of Doddington by an arch at one end, and which had no passage through at the other—a rambling old building, full of dark passages, with steps in the darkest parts, causing those who traversed them swiftly and unsuspectingly to receive shocks extending from the soles of their feet to the crowns of their heads, and making their teeth chatter violently, unless the tongue happened to be interposed between them, like the passengers' bodies between two fast trains running into each other on a railway. The kitchen was always illumined by a sort of comfortable twilight, partly the result of a high wall opposite the windows excluding the sun, partly from the steams of soups, roast meats, mulled beer, and wines, and coffee, that hovered incessantly over the hospitable region. When the eye got accustomed to the place, a stout form might generally be espied, seated in the thickest of the clouds by the fireside. This was the landlord of the Grapes, who, under the firm impression that he was diligently carrying on the business, and acting as the prop and main-stay of the establishment, spent most of his time by the fireside in an easy-chair, diversifying the somewhat limited prospect by an occasional stroll out under the archway to look at the weather. A life of this sort, though well adapted to the purposes of a *paté de foin gras*, would not, at first sight, appear favorable to the healthy operations of the animal economy; nevertheless, it seemed to agree with the host of the Grapes, if one might judge from the rosy complexion that appeared in the midst of a white fringe of hair and whisker, and the regularity and unflinching zest with which he responded to the call to dinner. That meal took place in a little glass-walled room, like a gastronomic conservatory, looking into the kitchen, presided over by a pretty young lady, the future heiress of the Grapes; for mine host, like Polonius, had “one fair daughter and no more.” Her attractions, of which her reputed expectations formed perhaps not the least, drew numerous gallants to the bar of the Grapes, who vied with each other in drinking various spirituous compounds mixed by her fair hands, and seemed to imagine that their success would be proportionate to the frequency and recklessness of their orders for drink—an impression which caused all but suitors of very strong head and constitution to

retire from the contest, after probations of more or less duration.

Before the dragoon entered, two admirers were signaling their devotion to the fair spirit of the bar, the upper half of whose person only was visible, as she dispensed the potables which formed her peculiar charge through a portion of the glass frame of her shrine that slid back, leaving a space wherein the worshippers might lean their elbows and deposit their glasses. One of these was an attorney's clerk—a very dashing personage, with a bushy head of hair, and a hat stuck rakishly thereon; the other a young farmer, who had lately spent more time at the Grapes than in agricultural pursuits; he wore a white hat, a brown cut-away with basket buttons, and a blue satin stock, with a great pin sticking in the folds of it. These rivals had held a sort of wordy tilt of sarcasm on each other, in which the clerk's astuteness gave him a decided advantage over the other admirer; but the latter drank most, appending to his demand for each successive glass the words “damn the expense,” indicative of wealth and a liberal spirit; and he was, moreover, the better-looking of the two. On whichever side the balance of fascination might have been, the ministering angel of the bar did not, however, betray any preference, but filled their glasses, and listened to their speeches, with the most laudable impartiality.

While she was in the act of squeezing a lemon into the rum-and-water of the incipient attorney, a clanking step was heard outside, approaching from the archway. The fair bar-maid gave a little start, and spilt some of the hot mixture on her hand. This served to excuse the blush that overspread her plump face as the corporal entered.

“Good evening, Mr. Onslow,” said the pretty bar-maid, in a tone, and with a bright smile, that would have induced either of the two rivals to drink himself into insensibility on the spot, and have thought it cheap too. But the dragoon, nodding at her in an absent way, and merely replying, “How d'ye do, Susan!” strode to the fireplace, and planted himself there, with his back to the fire.

Now, the landlord did not admire the dragoon, though his wife and daughter did. The landlord was a man of great weight and consideration with those who frequented his inn, and always exacted a full measure of respect from them, never permitting even those who might be called his cronies to venture on any undue familiarity. But this dragoon, though civil enough, in a condescending sort of way, to the landlady and her daughter, showed no more respect for his portly host than if he had been a stable-boy. Accordingly, that dignitary, with a grunt indicative of displeasure and defiance, drew back his chair a foot or

two, and scowled at the dragoon over his pipe. He might have scowled at the warming-pan that glittered on the wall beyond with about as much effect. Onslow, his legs apart, his back to the fire, his look bent on the floor, thoughtfully whistled an opera-tune, as if no such person as the landlord of the Grapes were in existence.

Opposite the landlord was seated a lodger of much consideration and long standing in the Grapes. He was a bachelor, with a small annuity, which he spent principally in rum-and-water—a hard-featured, red-faced man, with a couple of marks like gushes extending from his nostrils deep down each cheek. From his long residence at the Grapes, his habits were so well known that he never had occasion to give an order; and being of taciturn habits, this was a great comfort to him. Between breakfast and dinner he always had three glasses of rum-and-water; between dinner and supper, six; and after supper his tumbler was replenished, till he was carried off to bed on the waiter's back.

This gentleman had finished his eighth tumbler about five minutes before, and the landlady—a fat, good-tempered woman, with a face and figure very like the reflection of her daughter's as seen in the convex surfaces of the shining dish-covers hanging to the wall (*i. e.*, considerably widened and shortened), glanced at the clock, and brought him his ninth, or last before supper.

"We don't see much of you now, Mr. Onslow," said the landlady, standing before him, after she had set down the lodger's glass on the table.

The landlord uttered a short derisive chuckle. He was a man of few words; but the laugh indicated that, in his opinion, it was very little matter whether they saw anything of him at all or not. The dragoon, softly whistling, twirled his mustache absently, and did not notice either the remark or the laugh.

"You're certainly in love, Mr. Onslow," said the landlady. "You used to be the politest man—and now one never gets a word from you."

There was a giggle from the daughter in the bar; but still the trooper made no answer, till the lodger, who had a chivalrous respect for the landlady, touched the dragoon's sleeve with the stem of his pipe. Onslow stared at him, and drew back from the contact, when he motioned with the pipe towards the landlady, to signify that she had done him the honor of addressing him. Then the dragoon lifted up his eyes, and, appearing to perceive the landlady for the first time, nodded to her, bid her good evening, and strode through the kitchen on his way to his own room. "He's certainly in love," said the landlady. "I never saw a man so changed."

He had scarcely disappeared, when the daughter, taking a letter from a shelf in the bar, said, "Law, mother, I forgot to give Mr. Onslow his letter—I'll just take it to him;" and, leaving the young farmer and the incipient attorney to entertain one another, she tript after the dragoon.

"Come in," said Onslow, when she tapped at the door, and she entered. The room, thanks, probably, to the young lady's partiality for the handsome lodger, was a very comfortable one—a nice little bed, with dainty curtains, washing-stand, toilet-table, all complete, with some pictures on the walls.

"Here's a letter, come since you were away," said the pretty bar-maid, handing it to him.

"Thank you, Susan," said Onslow, "much obliged," and immediately broke the seal, which was a large one, with a coat of arms.

The landlady's daughter was dying to know who the correspondent with the great seal could be, so she lingered, under pretence of brushing the dust off the furniture, till he had finished reading it.

"No bad news, I hope, Mr. Onslow?" she said, when he had refolded and laid it on the chimney-piece.

"Quite the contrary, Susan; it assures me I have still a friend, and that's good news," said Onslow, smiling.

"O, gracious! I'm sure, Mr. Onslow, you might have plenty if you liked—it's your own fault if you haven't," said the pretty bar-maid.

Onslow had relapsed into thought, and did not respond to this complimentary opinion.

"I got the book of poems" (I'm afraid the pretty bar-maid pronounced the word "pomes") "you were wishing for the other day," she said, still lingering. "I borrowed it from Miss Parkins, over the way."

"Thank you, Susan," it was very kind and thoughtful of you," said Onslow, flinging his cap into a corner, and himself into a chair.

There were some flowers in a glass on the chimney-piece, which the pretty bar-maid had placed there with her own hands. "Perhaps," she said to herself, "he'll think the chamber-maid put 'em there, if I don't tell him." So she walked up to the fireplace, and, arranging them anew, said, "You like moss-roses, don't you, Mr. Onslow? I've brought you some nice ones."

"You're a good little girl, Susan, and a great deal kinder than I deserve," he replied, running his hand impatiently through his black curls without looking at the roses.

All this was rather uphill work for poor Susan;—there was so little encouragement to stay longer, that, with every wish to prolong the conversation, she turned away, and, after announcing her intended departure with

two or three little coughs, softly closed the door.

Onslow took up the letter and read it over again; then he opened a desk near, and began to write as follows:—

"MY DEAR VERNON,—Thanks for your renewed and friendly offers of assistance.

"From among all my former associates I selected you as my single confidant, when I placed my foot on the lower step of the social ladder, to the bottom of which folly and ill-fortune had hurled me. Of all, you were the only one who, I felt, could appreciate my motives, when, after enlisting as the only alternative of absolute want, I formed a firm resolve to fulfil all the irksome duties of a soldier, and to work my way upward uncomplainingly, till I could prove myself able, unaided, to retrieve my position. If I failed in this, I, at least, anticipated the pleasure and pride of knowing that I had done much to expiate my follies, and to assure myself that I possessed more firmness and perseverance than the world I lived in of old would give me credit for.

"But, ah, Vernon! who can boast himself of to-morrow! Already I am half-resolved to abandon the path I have followed, sternly enough, these three years—not because I flinch from the burden I have fastened on myself. I have carried it, let me say, with constancy, with a good heart, and even, perhaps, not without dignity. Use had lightened it, and advancement in the service promised to make it still lighter, till a commission, fairly earned, should restore me outwardly to the rank of a gentleman.

"Why, then, quit it? you say. Ah, Vernon, thou know'st my old weakness—my besetting infirmity. Already you spy the hem of a female garment in the distance. Even so—my firm resolves have melted, like the wings of Icarus, beneath the glance of a pair of black eyes. Could you but know what I have felt—thrown by chance into frequent contact with one to whom, but for my own folly, I might have aspired without presumption—one who, of all the women I have ever seen, has alone gone deeper than to touch my fancy—who, proud and high-bred as she is, condescends to recognize my native self beneath the dragoon's jacket, and to show her recognition in but too flattering fashion. By heaven, Vernon! the struggles I have had with a mad desire to throw myself at her feet, tell her who I was and am, and what I feel for her, are such as have taxed my self-restraint to the utmost!

"Knowing me as you do, you can well understand how the feeling of degradation, before but little noticed, has grown almost unbearable. Should the temptation become too strong—should I rashly betray myself—

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there are two prospects before me, both simply damnable. 'Look you upon this picture, and on this;' the one shows presumption withering beneath a glance—(such an eye she has, Vernon!)—me, poor, proud, snubbed, and crushed back into my corporal's jacket. The other—is it my vanity only that draws this one more flattering to itself?—but, in any case, what a scoundrel must I be to ask the woman I love to share such fortunes as mine, or to stoop and raise me! No, no! thank God I have some of the ancient pride yet, and should forgive myself in neither case.

"But I feel the conflict get perilous; therefore, Vernon, I adjure you, by our ancient alliance, to be ready, on getting notice from me, to put the necessary machinery in motion with the powers that be, for my release from this painted thralldom. Fear not for me—where there's a will there's a way—the world shall be mine oyster, though not to be opened with a cavalry sabre; and a word from your potent relative at the Horse Guards will again let me loose on it. So never waste advice or remonstrance, but, like a true man, let that word be spoken when I request it. Thine as of old."

This epistle Onslow folded, and addressed to "The Hon. M. Vernon, Ditting Hall,—shire," and sealed it with a seal-ring he wore on his little finger. Then he put it carefully away, and, lighting a cigar, stretched his spur-clad heels across the fender, and smoked himself into a state sufficiently calm to justify his retiring to bed with a fair prospect of sleeping.

Orelia's head was filled that night with thoughts of the mysterious dragoon. The more she meditated on the incongruity between his manners and position, the more she was puzzled, and the more her curiosity was stimulated. He was like a well-written charade. In his person violent contradictions were reconciled so smoothly, and all seemed so fair and plain, that solution appeared an easy task; yet there he was, day after day, defying her ingenuity as imperturbably as ever. As curiosity and uncertainty were feelings that this impetuous young lady suffered with extreme impatience, she resolved to endeavor, during the ride of the next morning, to lead the conversation in a direction which might tend to the solution of the riddle.

Accordingly, the next day, when the hour for the riding lesson was at hand, she descended the stairs, her head filled with cunning designs for entrapping Onslow into revelations of his early life and education, and reasons for enlisting in the army; and flattered herself that, by the exercise of these wiles, and a little imaginative skill to connect the scraps of information thus obtained, she

might succeed in "plucking out the heart of his mystery."

The horses were at the door, and Rosa was mounted, but in place of the corporal there stood a huge bulky dragoon, with high shoulders, a round face, and a wide mouth, who stared at her, as he saluted, with eyes about as expressive as his boots.

"Tindal has sent a note," said Bagot, "to say he is sorry that Onslow cannot be spared; but he thinks Sergeant Cumbermare will be found equally serviceable." In fact, Tindal

had discovered that some of his young hands were terribly in want of riding drill, and that nobody but Onslow could administer it.

Orelia bestowed on the unhappy Cumbermare a glance so full of scorn, that Rosa expected to see that warrior wither away and sink down into his boots. Then, putting out her lip, she said, "I shall not ride to-day;" and, sweeping round majestically, she reëntered the house; while Rosa, in order that the sergeant's feelings might not be injured, set out upon a solitary ride.

From the Courier.

SPRING CLEANING.

BY A SUFFERER.

THE melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year,
Of cleaning paint and scrubbing floors, and scouring far and near;
Heaped in the corners of the room, the ancient dirt lay quiet,
Nor rose up at the father's tread, nor at the children's riot;
But now the carpets are all up, and, from the staircase top,
The mistress calls to man and maid to wield the broom and mop.

Where are those rooms, those quiet rooms, the house but now presented,
Wherein we dwelt, nor dreamed of dirt, so cosy and contented?
Alas! they've turned all upside down, that quiet suit of rooms,
With slops and suds, and soap and sand, and tubs and pails and brooms.
Chairs, tables, stands, are standing round, at sixes and at sevens,
While wife and housemaids fly about, like meteors in the heavens.

The parlor and the chamber floors were cleaned a week ago,
The carpets shook and windows washed, as all the neighbors know;
But still the sanctum had escaped — the table piled with books,
Pens, ink and paper, all about, peace in its very looks —
Till fell the woman on them all, as falls the plague on men;
And they vanished all away, books, paper, ink and pen.

And now when comes the master home, as come he must o' nights,
To find all things are "set to wrongs," that they have "set to rights,"
When the sound of driving tacks is heard, though the house is far from still,
And the carpet woman's on the stairs, that harbinger of ill,

He looks for papers, books or bills, that all were there before,
And sighs to find them on the desks or in the drawer no more.

And then he grimly thinks of her who set this fuss afloat,
And wishes she were out to sea, in a very leaky boat;
He meets her at the parlor door, with hair and cap awry,
With sleeves tucked up, and broom in hand, defiance in her eye;
He feels quite small, and knows full well there's nothing to be said,
So holds his tongue, and drinks his tea, and sneaks away to bed.

Is a neglected spot in the churchyard of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol — a spot known but to few of the numerous frequenters of the celebrated adjoining church — rest the mortal remains of the father, mother, sister, and other relations of Thomas Chatterton. A gravestone was many years ago placed over them, but in the course of time it had become so dilapidated as to render the inscription partially illegible; a circumstance which made the substitution of a new stone a thing much wished for by those who were acquainted with the state of the old one. This very necessary step has been taken in the course of the last few days; and a substantial and durable stone now covers the dust of the family of

The marvellous Boy,
The sleepless soul that perished in his pride.

The following is the inscription: —

In Memory of
Thomas Chatterton, Schoolmaster, who died 7th August, 1752, aged 39 years.
Also Thomas Newton, Son-in-law of the above, who died 29th September, 1785, aged 40 years.
Also 2 of his Sons and 1 Daughter.
Also Sarah Chatterton, Widow of the above Thomas Chatterton, who died 25th December, 1791, aged 60 years.
Also Mary Newton, Widow of the above Thomas Newton, who died 23rd February, 1804, aged 53 years.
Also Mary Ann Newton, Spinster, Daughter of the above Thomas and Mary Newton, who died 7th September, 1807, aged 24 years.

The old Tombstone having fallen into decay was thus replaced

Anno Domini MDCCCLIII.
EROLTO VERE HARE,
WILLIAM HENRY EDWARDS,
Churchwardens.

From Household Words.

THE KINGDOM OF RECONCILED IMPOSSIBILITIES.

THERE is a kingdom whose boundaries are within the reach of every man's hand, on whose frontiers no heavier entrance-tribute or import duty is exacted save that comprised in the payment of two score inflections of the eyelids—or forty winks; a kingdom into which the majority of humanity travel at least once in every twenty-four hours; though the exact time—the precise moment—at which that voyage is commenced is, and never has been, known to any man alive. Whether we are transported by some invisible agency—on the wings of spirits or in the arms of genii—whether we go to the kingdom or the kingdom comes to us, we cannot tell. Why or how or when we came there we know not; yet, almost invariably, when the tribute of the forty inflections has been duly paid, we find ourselves wandering in the Kingdom of Reconciled Impossibilities.

LOCOMOTION in this kingdom is astonishingly rapid; we run without moving and fly without wings. Time and space are counted zeros; centuries are skipped at a bound; continents and oceans are traversed without an effort. We are here, there, and everywhere. Gray-headed men, we are little boys at school, breaking windows and dreading the vindictory cane. Married and settled, we are struggling through the quickset hedges of our first love. Crippled, we race and leap; blind, we see. Unlearned, we discourse in strange tongues, and decipher the most intricate of hieroglyphics. Unmusical, we play the fiddle like Paganini. We pluck fruit from every branch of the tree of knowledge; the keys of every science hang in a careless bunch at our girdle; we are amenable to no laws; money is of no account; Jack is as good as his master; introductions are not required for entrance into polite society; the most glaring impossibilities are incessantly admitted, taken for granted and reconciled; whence the name of this kingdom.

MUCH more wondrous and full of marvels is it than the famed land of Cockaigne, than the country of Prester John, than the ground of Tom Tiddler (whose occupation is now gone in consequence of the discovery of rival grounds in California and Australia), than Raleigh's Dorado, than the Arcadia of Strephon and Corydon, Celia and Sacharissa; than the fearful country where there are men

—whose heads

Do grow beneath their shoulders;

than even the mirabolant land that Jack saw when he had gotten to the top of the beanstalk. The only territorial kingdom that I can compare it to is one—and even the duration of *that* one is fleeting and evanescent,

appearing only for a season, like specks upon the sun or the floating islands in Windermere—visible and to be travelled in from the end of December to the end of the following February, called the Kingdom of Pantomime. This kingdom, which, at other seasons of the year, is as rigorously barred and closed against strangers as China or Japan or the Stock Exchange, offers many points of resemblance to the Kingdom of Reconciled Impossibilities. There is a voyager therein, one Clown, who with Pantaloon, his friend and dupe, and scapegoat, dances about the streets, insults and beats respectable shopkeepers, swindles and robs ready-furnished lodgings, leers at virtuous matrons, commits burglaries and larcenies in the broad day (or lamp) light, and perpetrates child-murders by the dozen, yet goes “unwhipp'd of justice;” nay, he and his confederate are rewarded, at last, by an ovation of fireworks and revolving stars; as are also Harlequin, a lewd fellow in a spangled jerkin and hose, and a dancing girl they call Columbine; who together play such fantastic tricks before the footlights as make the gallery roar—such tricks as would be tolerated nowhere but in a Kingdom of Impossibilities. For, in all other kingdoms, theft of fish or sausage—were it even the smallest gudgeon or the most infinitesimal saveloy—is three months at least, and robbery in a dwelling-house is felony; and to force a respectable white-bearded man with a crutch stick and an impediment in his speech to cast involuntary sommersaults, and to make him sit down oftener on a hard surface than he wishes, is an assault punishable by fine or imprisonment; and the cutting up, mutilating, smothering, or thrusting in a letter-box of a baby is murder.

IN all other kingdoms, likewise, as we are well aware, vice is always vanquished and virtue rewarded ultimately; but in the Kingdom of Reconciled Impossibilities, as well as in that of pantomime, nothing of the kind takes place. In this former one, innocent, we are frequently condemned to death, or to tortures. Masters, we are slaves; wronged and oppressed, we are always in the wrong and the oppressors. Though in the every-day kingdom we are perhaps wealthy, at least in easy circumstances, we are in the Realms of Impossibility perpetually in difficulties. Moments of inexpressible anguish we pass, from the want of some particular object or the non-remembrance of some particular word; though what the object or the word, we never have and never had the remotest idea. Spectres of duties omitted, ghosts of offences committed, sit at banquets with us; and, under circumstances of the greatest apparent gayety and joviality, we are nearly always in sore perturbation of mind and vexation of spirit.

The kingdom, indeed, is full of tribulations, impossible yet poignant. Frequently, when we attempt to sing, our voice dies away in an inarticulate murmur or a guttural gasp. If we strive to run, our legs fail under us; if we nerve our arm to strike, some malicious power paralyzes our muscles, and the gladiator's fist falls as lightly as a feather; yet, powerless as we are, and unable to beat the knave who has wronged us, we are ourselves continually getting punched on the head, beaten with staves, gashed with swords and knives. Curiously, though much blood flows, and we raise hideous lamentations, we do not suffer much from these hurts. Frequently we are killed—shot dead—decapitated; yet we walk and talk shortly afterwards, as Saint Denis is reported to have done. Innumerable as the sands of the sea are the disappointments we have to endure in the Kingdom of Impossibilities. Get up as early as we may, we are sure to miss the first train; the steamboat always sails without us. If we have a cheque to get cashed, the iron-ribbed shutters of the bank are always up, when our cab drives to the door, and somebody near us always says, without being asked, "Stopped payment!" All boats, vehicles, beasts of burden and other animals, behave in a similar tantalizing and disappointing manner; tall horses that we drive or ride, change unaccountably into little dogs, boats split in the middle, coaches rock up and down like ships. We walk for miles without advancing a step; we write for hours without getting to the end of a page; we are continually beginning and never finishing, trying and never achieving, searching and never finding, knocking and not being admitted.

The Kingdom of Impossibilities must be the home of Ixion and the Danaïdes and Sisyphus, and peculiarly of Tantalus. The number of tubs we are constantly filling, and which are never full; and the quantity of stones, which, as soon as we have rolled them to the top of a hill, roll down again; are sufficiently astonishing; but it is in a tantalizing point of view that the kingdom is chiefly remarkable. We are forever bidden to rich banquets—not Barnecide feasts, for the smoking viands and generous wines are palpable to sight and touch. But no sooner are our legs comfortably under the mahogany, than a something far more teasing and vexatious than the ebony wand of Sancho's physician, sends the meats away untasted, the wines unquaffed, changes the *venue* to a kingdom of realities. Dear me! When I think of the innumerable gratuitous dinners I have sat down to in the Land of Impossibilities; of the countless eleemosynary spreads to which, with never a *sous* in my pocket, I have been made welcome; of the real turtle, truffled turkeys, Strasburgh pies, and odoriferous pineapples,

that have tempted my appetite; and of the unhandsome manner in which I have been denied the enjoyment of the first spoonful of soup, and of the rude and cavalier process by which I have been summarily transported to a kingdom where I am usually expected to pay for my dinner—when I think of these things I could weep.

Sometimes, though rarely, the rulers of the Impossible kingdom will permit you to drink—provided always that you have tumbled (which is exactly your mode of entrance) into their domains in a desperately parched and thirsty condition. Cold water is the general beverage provided, and you are liberally allowed to drink without cessation—to empty water-jugs, pitchers, decanters, buckets, if you choose. I have known men who have sucked a pump for days, nay, have lapped gigantic quantities of the Falls of Niagara; but the Impossible king has mingled one cruel and malicious condition with his largesse. You may drink as much as you like, but you must never quench your thirst, and you must always wake—tumble out of the kingdom, I mean—more thirsty than you were before.

Travelling in this strange country is mostly accomplished in the night season—"in thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men." It is when the Kingdom of Life is hushed and quiescent, when the streets are silent, and there are none abroad but the watchers and the houseless, that the Kingdom of Impossibilities wakes up in full noise, and bustle, and activity. Yet betimes we are favored with a passport for this kingdom in the broad-day season—in the fierce summer heat, when we retire to cool rooms, there to pay the tribute of forty winks to the Monarch of the Impossible; when, as we travel, we can half-discern the green summer leaves waving through our translucent eyelids, can hear the murmuring of fountains and the singing of birds in the kingdom we have come from. Very pleasant are these day voyages, especially when we can drowsily hear the laughter of children playing on a lawn outside.

The Kingdom of Reconciled Impossibilities is a land of unfulfilled promises, of broken engagements, of trees forever blossoming but never bearing fruit, of jumbles of commencements with never a termination among them, of prefaces without finises, of dramas never played out. The unities are not observed in this kingdom. There are a great many prologues, but no epilogues. It is all as it should not and cannot be. It snows in July, and the dog-days are in January. Men sneez with their feet and see with their thumbs, like Gargantua. The literature of the country consists of tales told by idiots, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. The houses are all built without foundations;

they are baseless fabrics, which, vanishing, leave not a wreck behind. Everything in the kingdom is impossible.

Impossible, yet reconciled. In no other land, certainly, are we so convinced of the truth of the axiom that, "whatever is, is right." Against our knowledge, feelings, experience, and convictions, against all evidence, oral or ocular, against truth, justice, reason, or possibility, we smilingly confess that black is white, that clouds are whales, that the moon is cheese. We know our brother to be our brother, yet without difficulty or reluctance we admit him to be Captain Cook. With a full knowledge that what we are doing can't be, we are pleasantly convinced that it can be, and that it is, and is right. So we violate all laws of morality, decorum, international justice, honesty, and courtesy, with a comfortable self-consciousness that it is "all right," and that we are wronging no one. Quakers have been known in the Kingdom of Impossibilities to lie in wait for men and murder them; nay, to have hidden the bodies afterwards in corn-bins, or chemists' bottles. Moral men have eloped with ballet dancers. Bishops have found themselves at the Cider Cellars. Judges of the Ecclesiastical Court have created disturbances at the Casino, and have wrenched off knockers in company with jovial proctors and fast old surrogates about town. There was a cathedral verger once, in the Kingdom of Impossibilities, who refused a fee: there was an Irish member without a grievance; there was a chancery suit decided to the satisfaction of all parties.

Good men not only become rascals, but rascals turn honest men in this astonishing country. Captain Mac Swindle paid me, only last night, the five pounds he has owed me for fifteen years. I saw the unjust steward render up a faultless account. All is not vexatious and disappointing in the Impossible Kingdom. If it be a kingdom of unfulfilled promises, it is one of accomplished wishes. Sorely pressed for cash in this sublunary kingdom, no sooner are we in the other than the exact sum we wished for, chinks in golden sovereigns, rustles in crisp notes, mellifluously whispers in soft-papered cheques before our eyes, within our gladsome pockets, or our rejoicing fingers. We shall be able to meet the little bill; streets are no longer stopped up; the tailor shall cringe again; and Caroline shall have the velvet mantle trimmed with sable. Hurrah! But, alas! the money of the kingdom that never can be, and yet always is and will be, is as treacherous and deceitful as a will-of-the-wisp, or an Eastern mirage; no sooner do we possess it than we have it not. We wake, and the shining sovereigns and the rustling notes have turned

into dry leaves, like the money paid by the magician in the Arabian Nights.

If the kingdom (to expatiate further on its advantageous features) be one of tribulations and disappointments, it is also one of great and extended privilege. We are privileged to walk about unwashed, unshaven, and undressed, to clap kings upon the back, to salute princesses if we list, to ride blood-horses, to fly higher than the skylark, to visit foreign lands without a foreign-office passport, the reference of a banking firm, or the necessity of being personally known to the foreign secretary. We have the privilege of being a great many people and in a great places at one and the same time. We have the privilege of living our lives over again, or undoing the wrongs we have done, of reëstablishing our old companionship with the dead, and knowing their worth much better than we did before we lost them.

Yes, preëminent and radiant stands one privilege, to the enjoyment of which every traveller in the land of Reconciled Impossibilities is entitled. He is privileged to behold the Dead Alive. The King of Terrors has no power in the domains of the Impossible. The dead move and speak and laugh, as they were wont to speak and move and laugh, in the old days when they were alive, and when we loved them. They have been dead — of course — we know it and they tell us so — but they are alive now; and, thanks to the irresistible logic of the Impossible Kingdom, we slightly question how. These visitors have no grim tales to tell, no secrets of their prison-house to reveal. Here, joyful and mirthful as ever, are the old familiar faces; the life-blood courses warmly through the old friendly hands; dead babies crow and battle valorously in nurses' arms; dead sweet-hearts smile and blush; dead aunts scold; dead schoolmasters awe; dead boon companions crack the old jokes, sing the old songs, tell the old stories, till we wake into the Kingdom of the Possible; and ah, me! the eye turns to a vacant chair, a faded miniature, a lock of soft hair in crumpled tissue paper, a broken toy; while the mind's vision recurs to a green mound, and a half-effaced stone.

In the regions of the Impossible there is a population separate, apart, peculiar; possible nowhere but in a land of impossibilities. Monstrous phantasies in semi-human shape, horrible creations, deformed giants, dwarfs with the heads of beasts; shapeless phantoms, hideous life such as the Ancient Mariner saw on the rotting deep. Such things pursue us through these regions with grinning fangs, and poisonous breath; kneel on our chests; wind their sharp talons in our hair; gnaw at our throats with horrid yells. And, apart

from the every day scenes of every day life brought to the *reductio ad absurdum* in the Kingdom of Impossibilities, we tarry betimes in chambers of horrors, in howling deserts, in icy caverns, in lakes of fire, in pits of unutterable darkness. Miserable men are they who are frequent travellers through these districts of the Impossible Kingdom. They may say with the guilty Thane

—Better be with the dead
Whom we to gain our place have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy.

If you would leave such countries unexplored, lead virtuous lives, take abundant exercise, be temperate (in the true sense of the word; not choosing in what, but in everything), and take no man's wrong to bed with thee — no, not for one single night.

From Chambers' Journal.

COAL-MINE EXPLOSIONS.

Of the many Blue Books that have recently been laid before Parliament, none is more full of matter for grave cogitation than that now to be referred to on coal-mine explosions.* This Report, only one of a series, makes known, in a very emphatic way, the terrible loss of life in coal-mines; one fact alone being sufficiently appalling — the loss of 900 lives by mine explosions within the short space of twenty-one weeks, in the year 1852.

All reports on this subject of serious concern concur in stating, that for explosions the only proper remedy is better ventilation; and they all deprecate placing too great reliance on the safety-lamp. They affirm, that while many accidents are traceable solely to the use of this instrument, it is perfectly compatible with science to reduce these melancholy occurrences to a small fraction of their present number, and that, ultimately, mines may be rendered perfectly safe. Little good, however, can be done while operative miners entertain an undue, and what may be called a superstitious confidence in their Davy-lamp, no matter how much that lamp may be out of order. With them, this useful companion is not so much a delicate scientific instrument, as a thing of talismanic power. Danger may be most imminent — the lamp completely out of trim — but all is right, provided the miner has only a Davy. Stories, most ludicrous but for their associations, are told in abundance respecting this childlike simplicity. We select two. The first was brought out in evidence at the investigation of an explosion which happened last year in

Staffordshire. It there appeared that the firemen, who ought to have examined the safety of the workings ere the miners entered, had, on the morning of the accident, deputed this duty to another person. The deputy went round with a lamp not closed, and was seen going into the workings closely followed by some men and boys, each with a *lighted candle* in his hand! Again, T. E. Foster, Esq., an extensive viewer, relates, that last year he visited a pit in Lancashire. "On going down, the overlooker told me: 'We work this mine entirely with safety lamps.' I said: 'Very well, Jonathan. I should like to see these lamps, that they are all right before I go in.' The first lamp he put in my hand was Clanny's, and between the gauze I could put my little finger in. I said: 'This will not do; I will take one of the others.' I examined one, and the gauze was perfect, but very dirty. We proceeded along the railway from the bottom of the shaft. And in the face of the workings every man had a Davy-lamp; but every man had the gauze out, and it was a naked light! I said: 'If you are not more particular than this, you will have a blow-up.' And next week they had it." So much for mere carelessness; but we shall by and by advance more serious charges against the lamp. Meanwhile, as to know the disease is half the cure, let us look for a moment at the dread agent of destruction.

The reader who takes his idea of a gas from the ordinary illuminating medium of our streets, will, in studying *fire-damp*, find himself not very far off the mark. Relieved from the pressure of the superincumbent strata, light carburetted hydrogen exudes in great abundance, often from almost every pore of the coal in our mines; and on examining our gas-works, we find ingenious machinery to separate and convey away the tar, ammonia, and the other chemical products of the distillation of coal from the carburetted hydrogens, the only useful ingredients for the purposes of light and heat. If so, why do we not hear of catastrophes in our streets and parlors similar to those so much dreaded underground? The reason is simple. Ask any chemist, and he will tell you, that the danger lies not in any property of the gas or gases themselves, but only when they are combined in certain proportions with the oxygen of atmospheric air. Every housewife knows, that if our ordinary coal-gas be allowed not to burn, but to escape into the atmospheric air, an explosion will follow the introduction of a light into the room, rivalling only in degree the dread catastrophes of the mines.

Though, from its small specific gravity, light carburetted hydrogen easily escapes into the atmosphere, the coal still retains a large portion of it; and this has been amply proved

* Report on Coal-mines. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 22d June, 1852.

by experiments of a most painful nature. Even coal-ships at sea have been the scenes of these demonstrations. For instance:—"On the 5th August, 1816, the ship *Flora*, of London, having just taken a cargo of coal on board in Sunderland harbor, blew up with a terrible explosion; the deck-beams were broken, and the decks torn up. On the 4th July, 1817, the *Fly*, of Ely, lying at Brandling-staith, on the Tyne, with a cargo of coal just taken in, the gas from it exploded, burned the captain in the cabin, tore up part of the deck, threw a boat from the hatches, and did other serious damage. Upon the 21st July, 1839, the sloop *Enterprise*, when at sea, with coal, from Pembroke to Newport, Isle of Wight, had an alarming explosion, which fortunately only frightened, but did not injure, the crew. And the schooner *Mermaid*, of Guernsey, upon the 29th August, this year (1842), lying at South Shields, sustained an explosion; she had been laden that day with Hilda coal, and the hatches immediately battened down, when, six hours after, the gas from the coal exploded at the fore-castle-lamp; one man was knocked down, and much burned in the face, another injured, the mate struck down in the cabin, and a hatch started."

It is very remarkable, that it is only with a certain quantity of atmospheric air the fire-damp explodes; *minus* or *plus* that quantity, and the danger vanishes. In three or four parts of atmospheric air to one of carburetted hydrogen, there is a slight explosion; but the most terrible calamities happen when the mixture is *seven* parts of carburetted hydrogen to *one* of atmospheric air. The margin of explosive quantity appears to be from about five to thirteen; above or below these points, and there is no explosion. Hence we see the necessity for a thorough ventilation in mines; for any system by which an imperfect quantity of air is diffused, so far from diminishing, only increases the danger. Another striking anomaly is, that, dreadful and terrible as the explosion itself is, it is only the means for the elimination of an agent of destruction still more fatal. The miner may not have suffered the mechanical violence of the explosion, but frequently he escapes only to die placidly and surely by the fatal after-damp. A principal ingredient is the deadly poison, carbonic acid; and so fatal is it, the committee inform us, that it was stated in evidence, that 70 per cent. of the deaths from explosions were occasioned by this after-damp. So speedy is its action, that Mr. Mather, about two years ago, entering a pit where it preponderated, was taken out insensible in a few minutes. He says: "You are struck down, and you scarcely know how or why; you naturally sink down asleep." Those who have suffered from its influence may easily be known from those

who have died by the explosion; as is shown in the following extract, which likewise proves that dangers, perils, and heroism are not confined to battle-fields or the raging deep. It relates to the explosion of the St. Hilda pit, in 1839:—"The deadly gas, the resulting product, became stronger and stronger as we approached. We encountered in one place the bodies of five men who had died from the effects of the gas, and had apparently died placidly, without one muscle of the face distorted. Then there were three more that had been destroyed by the explosion; clothes burned and torn, the hair singed off, the skin and flesh torn away in several places, with an expression as if the spirit had passed away in agony. Going with a single guide, we encountered two men, one with a light, the other bearing something on his shoulders. It was a blackened mass—a poor dead burned boy he was taking out. A little further on, we found wagons that had been loaded, overturned, bottom upwards, scattered in different directions; a horse lying dead, directly in the passage, with his head turned over his shoulder, as if, in falling, he had made a last effort to escape; he was swollen in an extraordinary manner. At one point, in another passage, we suddenly came amongst twelve or fifteen men, who, striving to reach the places where bodies or survivors might be found, had been driven back by the surcharged atmosphere of this vast common grave; their lamps were burning dim and sickly, with a dying red light, glimmering as if through a fog."

How, then, are these dread casualties to be prevented? Firstly, the miner has been furnished with a lamp, with the flame so shielded that it cannot come in contact with the dangerous atmosphere; secondly, the foul air has been swept away by ventilation; and, lastly, it has been proposed chemically to decompose the noxious gases, and thus prevent explosion. Of the two first methods, we shall immediately speak; of the last, suffice it to say, that although Mr. Blakemore has offered, through the Royal College of Chemistry, a premium of 1000*l.* for the discovery of some simple practical means by which the explosive gases may be decomposed or neutralized, still science has as yet been unable to obtain this desirable object.

Many safety-lamps have been proposed, but, as our readers know, the favorite has been that of Sir Humphry Davy. Some practical miners, indeed, prefer the lamps of Dr. Clanny and of Stephenson; but as these are used in but few collieries, we will confine our remarks to the Davy-lamp. Its illustrious author, after a visit to the Newcastle coal-mines in 1815, began a series of beautiful experiments on the properties and structure of flame. From these he was led to conclude, that it could not pass through minute metal

lie tubes, and therefore wire-gauze, consisting of a congeries of these tubes, was a safe prison wherein to confine it: a miner, therefore, with a lamp whose flame was thus separated from the explosive atmosphere, could pursue his avocation in perfect safety. In every chemical handbook there are noted many striking experiments regarding this peculiar property of wire-gauze; and in the new calorific-engine, the heated air is cooled and conducted into the regenerator by means of this substance. Nothing can be more beautiful in theory than Sir Humphry's instrument, and in the laboratory or the lecture-room it truly seems perfect. All praise and honor to the intellect that labored so well for the service of humanity; and let the commendations of the many it has saved from destruction, and the many more it has redeemed from penury, be the everlasting monument of their noble benefactor! But let us beware of even scientific idolatry. And let us not take for perfect, that which even its inventor pronounced in some degree faulty. Be it always remembered, that the mine presents conditions often totally different from those of the quiet laboratory of the chemist. In a still atmosphere, radiation will destroy the flame ere it has time to pass through the wire-gauze. But should there be also a current of air at the time, its operations may be counterbalanced, and there is then no security. Moreover, particles of carbon, oil, dust, sulphur, are always floating about the mines, and lodge themselves on the Davy-lamps. The wire-gauze then red-hot, and the lamp in such a state, explosion is almost inevitable. So dirty are the lamps often, after being brought up from work, that one of the witnesses says "no practical man would go into an explosive mixture with them." This being the case, we can well sympathize with another witness, who thinks "it a safe lamp in cautious hands, but lately I have got a little nervous about it."

Were miners to receive proper instruction as to the nature and properties of the dangerous gases they constantly inspire — did they possess a staid, scientific deportment, instead of their noted recklessness, then we might trust them with this delicate scientific instrument. But all these they deplorably want. As it is, we must therefore believe with the committee, that "under circumstances of excitement, when danger is threatened, it is not improbably, far oftener than imagined, the very cause of the explosion which it was intended to prevent." Many instances are on record, where the explosion was alone traceable to the Davy. It was so at Wallsend, where, in 1835, 102 people were killed. For two days previous, they were working under red-hot lamps, the flame filling them to the top; and when these were afterwards ex-

amined by the coroner, they were found to be perfect — only, as if they had been intensely hot, and "had been passed through a smith's fire." The lamps found after the explosion at Haswell Mine, where 95 people were killed in 1846, were in a precisely similar state, and the catastrophe could be traced to no other source; as were also several similar, though smaller accidents happening only last year. Besides all this, we find that while, during the twenty years previous to the introduction of the Davy-lamp, 679 lives were lost, the number was increased to 744; thus leaving a balance against the safety-lamp of 65 lives. This may be accounted for by the increased extent of works, and greater number of mines; but every witness concurred in stating, that the recent fearful increase of accidents could not be thus explained.

Who can wonder, then, at the general adoption of the opinion, that to get rid of the gas altogether is preferable to guarding against it? The evidence now before us testifies, that however our leading mining engineers and capitalists may differ as to the method, they all consider ventilation as the sheet-anchor of the safety of the mines. The committee whose labors we have been considering, have principally occupied themselves in investigating the merits of the two rival systems of ventilation — the furnace and the steam-jet: we have not now the space, even had we the inclination, to follow them in their inquiries; suffice it to say, that while the furnace acts by rarefaction, the steam-jet acts in a strictly mechanical manner, propelling the air before it through the mine, like the piston of a steam-engine in the cylinder. The committee state that — "The furnace-system, under favorable circumstances — that is, of the area of the shafts being large and deep, the air-courses sufficient, the goves (or old workings) well insulated, and the mine not very fiery — appears to be capable, with strict attention, of producing a current of air that will afford reasonable security from explosion; but when the workings are fiery and numerous, as well as remote, and the intensity of the furnace or furnaces requires to be raised, in order to increase, in any particular emergency, the amount of ventilation, then the furnace not only refuses to answer the spur and to increase ventilation, but from a natural law (discovered by Mr. Gurney, and scientifically and practically confirmed before your committee) there arises a dangerous stoppage to the ventilation going on throughout the mine. . . . Your committee are unanimously of opinion, that the steam-jet is the most powerful, and at the same time least expensive, method of ventilation for the mines. Previous to 1848, when Mr. Foster introduced the steam-jet into the Seaton Delaval Mine, the fire-damp was constantly seen playing

around the face and edges of the goaves and other parts of the workings. Since that period, the mine is swept so clean, that it is never observed, and all danger of explosion seems removed in a very fiery mine. The increase of ventilation is from 53,000 cubic feet per minute under the furnace-system, to 84,000 under the steam-jet; and to double that quantity, which Mr. Foster considers sufficient, would, he says, only require the application of some extra jets. Mr. Foster states the original outlay for the steam-jet to be less than for the furnace by 39*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*; and the annual cost to be less by 50*l.* 12*s.* 1*d.*; while the power of ventilation is increased nearly double."

Additional inspectors, increased power vested in them, a central board of control, mining-schools, a special coroner, a preliminary examination of managers and over men, and the other topics touched on, all invite comment, but we forbear; and that the more willingly, since Lord Palmerston has stated that he may perhaps be able, this session, to introduce a bill on the subject. Let us hope that he may do so, and thus a little time will be spared from polemical discussions and devoted to the cause of practical humanity.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE CHERRY.

THE bright, round, shining Cherry, the favorite plaything with children (who has not loved bob-cherry?) has a pleasing reminiscence connected with it. After the early reformer, John Huss, had perished at the stake, his followers, the Hussites, or Bohemian Protestants, took up arms in their self-defence. During the prolonged war, they besieged the city of Naumburg (in Saxony) in 1482; and Procopius Nossa, their general, declared his intention to raze the place, and exterminate the inhabitants, in revenge for the people having formerly voted for the death of John Huss, at the Synod of Kernitz. The Naumburgers, seeing themselves on the verge of destruction, were in despair, when a citizen, named Wolf, proposed an experiment to mollify the fury of the general. At Wolf's suggestion, all the children from the ages of seven to fourteen, were dressed in shrouds, and each holding a green bough and a lemon (which it was customary for mourners at German funerals to carry), were sent into the Hussite camp, to intercede with the general for the safety of their relatives and their native city. Procopius was moved by the tears of the young suppliants; he granted their petition, treated them with kindness, and ordered them refreshment, and in particular regaled them with a quantity of cherries (it was then the month of July). The delighted children returned home singing and

rejoicing, and carrying branches of cherry-trees, laden with their handsome fruit, instead of the former funeral emblems. The Naumburgers, in commemoration of their deliverance, ever after celebrated a festival, called Kirschenfest, or the Feast of the Cherries, on the 20th of July, the day of the infant deputation. At the commencement of the festivities, troops of children, gayly dressed and crowned with flowers, paraded the streets in procession, carrying branches adorned with cherries.

The cherry was introduced into Ireland by Sir Walter Raleigh, and first planted at Affane, near Cappoquin, county Waterford, on lands granted to him out of the forfeiture of the Desmonds, the most celebrated house in Irish history, to one of whose most renowned ladies a cherry-tree of Sir Walter's proved fatal, according to local tradition. The famous old Countess of Desmond was born about 1465; she danced with Richard III. at court, just before the battle of Bosworth, in 1485, and lived to see the vicissitudes of the Desmonds, and the fall of their vast power and wealth in the attainder of 1586. She went to London, being then over one hundred and twenty, to plead for the preservation of her jointure, and succeeded, and returned to live at her birth-place and usual abode, Dromana (near Affane) a castle of the Desmonds, and now the seat of a noble descendant of that house, Lord Stuart de Decies. One day, when she was (according to the tradition) a hundred and forty years old, she saw some very fine cherries on one of the trees at Affane, and, having no attendant at hand to gather them, she attempted to climb up to them, but fell, and soon after died from the effects of the fall. Her picture, painted when she was extremely old, is preserved at Dromana.

Extremes meet; our ceresial reminiscences began with childhood, and end with old age. But as the cherry is especially child's fruit, we will place as its associate an

EPITAPH ON A CHILD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF MATTHISON.*

(*Sanft wehn im Hauch der Abendluft.*—U. S. W.)

The vernal grass and flowrets wave
In evening's breath, where o'er thy grave
Weeps sorrow, wan and faded;
Oh! ne'er till death has set us free
From earth, can thy sweet image be
By dim oblivion shaded.

Thou 'rt blest, though short thy opening bloom;
From worldly joys, from pride, from gloom,
From sense delusive parted;
Thou sleep'st in peace; in care and strife
We wav'ring tread the maze of life,
Too rarely tranquil-hearted.

* The Poet of Magdeburg, at the close of last century.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

AMERICAN AUTHORSHIP.

No. II. — RICHARD HENRY DANA.

AMERICA is a great fact. Even the dim-eyed, bespectacled Old World can see and acknowledge *that* — crabbed and purblind as the aged witness is thought over the water. A greater fact, measured by square inches, it might be hard to find. Equally great, perhaps, if considered as the theatre of scenes of struggle and acts of enterprise, present and advent, in the drama of the world's progress, in the working out of interests, and the solution of problems, on a gigantic scale, material, moral, social, political. But one thing American there is, which we cannot yet regard as a great fact; one thing, which, at best, is only a fiction founded upon fact; and that is, its poetical literature. Hitherto the national genius has sought — or rather has found ready to hand — other modes of expressing its character and asserting its power. It has been occupied with the task of ordering the chaos of elements, colossal and crude, rich with teeming germs of promise, amid which its lot is cast; it has been too busy to sing, though not to talk; it has had too many urgent calls on its physical faculties, its bread-winning arts and money-making appliances, to "go courting" the coy muses, or to build model stables for Pegasus. The young Titan's instinct has been to exercise his muscular frame in turning prairies into parks, and forests into cities, and rivers into mill-streams, rather than haunt the pine-woods in quest of aboriginal dryads, or invoke primeval silence in the depth of sylvan wilds, with hymns inspired by the ecstasy and attuned to the large utterance of the elder gods of song. Compared with her other attainments, America's poetry is backward, stunted, unshapen. It is, comparatively, a lying speech. Its stars are many in number, but pale in lustre; not much differing from one another in glory, and altogether comprising a sort of milky way, with a *soups*on of water in it; whereof the constellated members, though forever singing as they shine, have not yet caught the rolling music of the spheres. American poetry is not of its mother earth, earthy. It is rather of the Old World, worldly.

Imitation is, in effect, the vice of transatlantic verse; the very head and front of its offending. Not yet has it learned to walk alone on the steep of Parnassus, bold as is the national mien, and firm as is its step, on the level of this work-day world. Again and again we hear the complaint, that American poets give us back our own coin, thinned and deteriorated by the transit — "as if America had not the ore of song in all her rivers, and a mint of her own in every mountain, she

does little more for the service of the muse than melt down our English gold and recast it in British forms." Again and again we hear it charged on the American bard, that he is a dealer rather than a producer; an echo rather than a voice; a shadow rather than a reality; that what he exports he can hardly be said to grow; that he has no faith in his native muses; that Europe is the Mecca of his poetical superstition — England the Jerusalem of his imaginative worship; and that when, at length, the harp is taken down from the trees where for centuries it has hung tuneless, it is but to sing the old songs of his poetical Zion in a strange land. "How is it," asks an eloquent critic, "that America's children, who wear the new costume of their condition with an ostentation so preposterous; put on the old threadbare garments of the past whenever they sit down to the lyre? While the prosaic American is acting poetry without knowing it, building up new cities in a night, as the poet in the old time reared his fabrics, the bard, his brother, is haunting the ruins of the European past. The transatlantic muse is an exile, as much as in the days of the pilgrim fathers. Her aspect is that of an emigrant, who has found no settlement; her talk that of one who 'fain would be hame to her ain countrie.' In a word, all things that creep on the face of the earth have gone up with the American to his new ark of refuge, and naturalized themselves there; but again and again the dove is sent forth to bring in the olive-branch of song from a strange land." This indictment is confirmed by America herself. Says one of her shrewdest sons to his loving brethren,

The most of you (this is what strikes all beholders)
Have a mental and physical stoop in the shoulders;
Though you ought to be free as the winds and the waves,
You've the gait and the manners of runaway slaves;
Though you brag of your New World, you don't half believe in it,
And as much of the Old as is possible weave in it. . . .
You steal Englishmen's books and think Englishmen's thought,
With their salt on her tail the wild eagle is caught;
Your literature suits its each whisper and motion
To what will be thought of it over the ocean.

Emerson, again, utters his aspirations for a day when his country's long apprenticeship to the literature of other lands shall draw to a close; when the millions who are there rushing into life shall find they can no longer feed on the sere remains of foreign harvests; when poetry shall revive and lead in a new age. And so with almost every literary "power" among his countrymen. Nowhere is the charge, such as it is, ignored — by grand or petty jury.

Now, imitation in poetry is *ipso facto* excommunication from the inner circle of the ecclesia of song. It strips the imitator of his priestly vestments. It cuts off the candidate from first-class honors. The world declines to recognize a revised edition of Homer's "Achilles," or a modernized version of Shakspeare's "Hamlet," or a corrected proof of Milton's "Satan." Imitation in such cases implies either the feebleness of self-distrust, or the boldness of piracy, and, either way, pronounces its own doom.

Has America, then, no poets! We are not sophisticated enough to set about proving a negation of that sort. But if it be asked, "Has she any great poets?" then we, who love America much, but truth more—who like to read Bryant and Longfellow, but not in forgetfulness of Shakspeare and Milton—then we venture to answer, "Surely not." Here again we are not called upon to prove a negative. Let the New York Dante appear: let the Boston Chaucer arise; let the Charlestown Wordsworth come forth—each in the spirit and power, not merely in the mantle, of the respective bards—and forthwith the oracles of criticism are dumb, only to find new speech wherein to welcome the new comers. Understand what you may by the perhaps indefinite expression "great poets," we simply imply that America has not yet produced an "Iliad," or a "Divine Comedy," or a "Jerusalem Delivered;" not yet a "Prometheus Bound," or a "Macbeth," a "Faery Queen," or a "Paradise Lost;" not yet, to approach more debatable ground, a "Marmion," or a "Childe Harold," an "Excursion," or a "Gertrude of Wyoming." We will add, however, that in the matter of living poets, we have anything but a crushing majority of merit. And doubtless the day will dawn—it may be soon—when the American imagination shall prove its creative power. And her first great poet—one of her living prophets hath prophesied it—will take his inspiration "from those very themes and objects from which, in her young and imitative time, the transatlantic muse seeks to escape. He will teach truth by American parable. The wisdom which is of all time, and of every land, will be presented by him in the especial form and striking aspects which she has chosen for herself in the country wherein he sings." America's future will have its poetry "uttered," as her past has its poetry "unexpressed"—

For though no poet *then* she had to glorify her
 fame,
 Her deeds were poems, that could light dead words
 with living flame.

The time has been when Richard Henry Dana was regarded as America's brightest orb of song. And there are probably still

those who claim for him this bright particular star-shine. His verses are distinguished by meditative calmness, religious aspirations, and manly simplicity. This simplicity, indeed, trenches on the bald and barren, and has been called morbid in its character. His diction is often common-place and prosaic, but occasionally indulges in abrupt, and often spasmodic, intervals of "strong endeavor." Sometimes unruffled and musical, it is at others rasping, rugged, grating, to "ears polite." That Mr. Dana specifically and of set purpose imitates any one particular bard, we do not believe; whatever of the imitative feebleness just referred to may attach to his poems, is there rather implicitly, and by "spontaneous generation" (if that may be said of anything imitative). His tendency, however, is to the reflective stand-point of Wordsworth and Coleridge; and his doctrines of idealism and super-sensual insight, now widely and earnestly affirmed, and often exaggerated, at Boston and other nests of the singing birds, were once scouted as heretical by haters of paradox, and by *cui bono* men of letters.

For his prose writings as well as his verse, a permanent place is assured to him, by Griswold, in the literature of America. As a prose writer (though malicious detractors may affect to see nothing but prose in him) he is almost wholly unknown in England. His "Paul Felton" and "Tom Thornton" have been heard of; *voilà tout*. Yet his doings in romance, politics and criticism, have been considerable, though far from successful in a pecuniary sense;—his son's graphic narrative of "Two Years before the Mast" has had a run to which he is quite a stranger. It is nearly forty years since he began his contributions to the *North American Review*, in the editorship of which he afterwards took part. It was in this journal that he excited the opposition of the "Queen Anne's Men" and reigning arbiters in poetical criticism, by his eulogy of the Lake poets. He "thought poetry was something more than a recreation; that it was something superinduced upon the realities of life; he believed the ideal and the spiritual might be as real as the visible and the tangible; thought there were truths beyond the understanding and the senses, and not to be reached by ratiocination."* In a periodical of his own, called the *Idle Men*, he published his novel of "Tom Thornton," which an able reviewer has pronounced "interesting, and written in a style of earnestness which holds truth paramount even to taste, and refuses to adorn vice with a veil of beauty." This periodical ceased with the first volume, which did not pay its expenses, owing, it is said, to the absence of laws of protective copyright;

* Griswold.

and to this "cause defective" is attributed Mr. Dana's discouragement from the literary enterprises which otherwise he would have engaged in. However, by the testimony of Mr. Flint, the *Idle Man* has become as established a classic in the United States as the "Sketch Book" itself. To become a classic, by the way, is presumably identical with being "put on the shelf," which is a phrase with a Janus face. Few are the libraries where the classics don't want dusting. They are not, by popular interpretation, synonymous with what Charles Lamb called "readable books"—a title recently assumed by a London series, which thus, in its every advertisement, hints unutterable things as to the unreadability of rival issues.

Although evidently predisposed to poetry of a meditative cast, and of soothing "all serene" purpose, Mr. Dana's longest and best known effort is in quite a different key, and adventures the treatment of a dramatic theme, with "striking effects," in a suitably rapid and exciting manner. "The Buccaneer" is a legend connected with an island on the New England coast—the oral tradition itself being "added to," and "diminished from," by the poet, according to the supposed exigencies of his art. A murder at sea by a pirate, Matthew Lee by name, and a preternatural process of retribution, are the theme. The distinctive feature in the adjustment of the just recompense of reward is the introduction of the White Horse, which was cast overboard after its mistress, and whose spectre is the agent of final suffering and penal woe to the reprobate seaman. A fear, half ribald jest, half shrinking apprehension, lest, by some wild miracle, the white steed should find utterance to reveal bloody secrets, just as in old, old times the diviner's ass had the sudden faculty of speech, constrains Lee to hurl him to the waves alive, and bid him ride them as he may. Then and there, the cry of the struggling brute is appalling to the ruffians on deck, as they watch his wrastlings with the yeasty waters—now sinking, now rearing upwards—"then drifts away; but through the night they hear far off that dreadful cry." To blot out the last vestige of crime, the ship itself is burnt; and the desperadoes settle down on the solitary island "of craggy rock and sandy bay," to enjoy the "much fine gold" for which they have sold ship, business, conscience, and peace. They try to drown reflection in jovial riot:

Mat lords it now throughout the isle :
His hand falls heavier than before.
All dread alike his frown or smile ;—
None come within his door,
Save those who dipped their hands in blood with him ;
Save those who laughed to see the white horse swim.

The anniversary of the crime comes round : the guilty revellers keep high holiday. But at midnight there is a strange vision seen, at midnight a strange cry heard ; across the dark waters flits a ship in flames, riding upright and still, shedding a wild and lurid light around her, scaring the sea-birds from their nests, and making them dart and wheel with deafening screams—while above the wave uprises, ghastly white, a horse's head. "There on the sea, he stands—the Spectre-Horse! He moves, he gains the sands," and onward speeds, his ghostly sides streaming with a cold blue light, his path shining like a swift ship's wake ; onward speeds, till he reaches Lee's blasted threshold, and with neigh that seems the living tramp of hell, summons the pirate to mount and away! But the hour of final vengeance is not yet come, and though Lee mounts the spirit-steed and is borne whither he would not, and sees into ocean depths where lie the sleeping dead, done to death by him ; yet with the morning he is again quit of the apparition, and left to brood on his sins, and await the last scene of all—standing on the cliff beneath the sun's broad fierce blaze, but himself "as stiff and cold as one that's dead"—lost in a dreamy trouble "of some wild horror past, and coming woes." Misery withers the culprit's existence for another year ; and again the burning ship is seen, and the white steed visits him, and gives warning that the next visit shall be the last. Punctual and inexorable visitant! he comes in his season, and in vain Lee flings and writhes in wild despair ; "the spirit coorse holds him by fearful spell ;" a mystic fire

Illumes the sea around their track—
The curling comb, and dark steel wave ;
There, yet, sits Lee the spectre's back—
Gone! gone! and none to save!
They're seen no more ; the night has shut them in.
May Heaven have pity on thee, man of sin!

The earth has washed away its stain ;
The scaled-up sky is breaking forth,
Mustering its glorious hosts again,
From the far south and north ;
The climbing moon plays on the rippling sea.
—O, whither on its waters rideth Lee!

The legend is a *telling* one. And Mr. Dana has told it impressively. But in the hands of a more devoted romanticist it would have told much better. It is here a somewhat hard and bald composition—not unfrequently obscure from compression and elliptical treatment. The metre selected, too, requires for success a delicate and varied mastery of musical rhythm on the part of the poet, and some familiarity with its character on that of the reader. Some stanzas are excellent—others curt and rugged to a degree. Judging by the rest of his poems, Mr. Dana was out of his element in this stern fancy-piece of

legendary lore ; and certainly, had we read the others first, we should have been surprised by the imaginative power he has brought to bear on a superstition of piracy and blood, involving the use of machinery from the spirit-world.

The brief introduction to the tragedy is quite in his happiest style, and breathes a melodious tranquillity aptly chosen, by contrast to the advent agitation of struggling passion and savage discord. We see, in a few picturesque lines, a lonely island, all in silence but for ocean's roar, and the stifled cry, heard through sparkling foam, of the shrill sea-bird : —

But when the light winds lie at rest,
And on the glassy, heaving sea,
The black duck, with her glossy breast,
Sits swinging silently —
How beautiful ! no ripples break the reach,
And silvery waves go noiseless up the beach.

There are not many verses equal to that in the "Buccancer" — not many figures so suggestive as that of the silent rocking of the black duck on the gentle cradle of an unweary sea.

The "Changes of Home" is, as the subject demands, meditative and pathetic. The poet revisits the scene of boyhood, and is smitten to his poet's soul by the revolution and decay and innovation it reveals ; or rather, by the revolution and decay he discovers in himself, while outward aspects, so far as Nature is concerned, continue much as they were. He meets one, who, like the pastor in the "Excursion," informs him of the chronicles of the village. There are many touching passages — as this : —

To pass the doors where I had welcomed been,
And none but unknown voices hear within ;
Strange, wondering faces at those windows see,
Once lightly tapped, and then a nod for me ! —
To walk full cities, and yet feel alone —
From day to day to listen to the moan
Of mourning trees — 't was sadder here unknown.

A tale of love and bereavement and madness is the mainstay of this poem, and is very feelingly narrated — "soon 'tis told — simple though sad ; no mystery to unfold, save that one great, dread mystery, the mind." Sentiment and diction are both pleasing in these verses.

The poem entitled "Factitious Life" is founded on Wordsworth's protest, that the world is too much with us, our hearts given away, our powers wasted. But there is more life and heat and meaning in that memorable sonnet of Rydal's bard, than in this protracted effort of didactic philosophy. The satire is so-so ; the humor not very genial ; the poetry perilously akin to prose, albeit so anti-prosaic and anti-utilitarian in its purpose. That purpose is indeed high and praiseworthy ; nor do

we object, as the author seems to have apprehended, to his commencing in a comparatively trifling vein, and falling gradually into the serious, and at last resting "in that which should be the home of all our thoughts, the religious." The protest is against reducing man's soul to the limits of the conventional, cramping his mind by rules of etiquette, substituting respectability for virtue — "to keep in with the world your only end, and with the world to censure or defend" — it is against a modish existence, where singularity alone is sin, where manners rather than heart are the subject of education, where the simple way of right is lost, and curious expedients substituted for truth. And the aspiration is for a return of the fresh, inartificial time, in the now dim past, when

Free and ever varying played the heart ;
Great Nature schooled it ; life was not an art ;
And as the bosom heaved, so wrought the mind ;
The thought put forth in act ; and, unconfin'd,
The whole man lived his feelings.

A like spirit animates the lines called "Thoughts on the Soul" — the text being, that it exceeds man's thoughts to think how high God hath raised man — the "practical improvement," that man should cast off his slough, and send forth his spirit to expatiate in "immortal light, and life for evermore." We are earnestly reminded that, linked with the Immortal, immortality begins e'en here — the soul once given, as a solemn trust to man, there ne'er will come a date to its tremendous energies, but ever shall it be taking fresh life, starting fresh for future toil,

And on shall go, forever, ever, on,
Changing, all down its course, each thing to one
With its immortal nature.

More popular, and charged with more than one home-thrust at the feelings, are the lines called "The Husband's and the Wife's Grave." There folded in deep stillness, in all the nearness of the narrow tomb, lie the partners in life and death —

Yet feel they not each other's presence now.
Dread fellowship ! — together, yet alone.

"The Dying Raven" was Mr. Dana's earliest production in verse — appearing in 1825, in the *New York Review*, then under Bryant's editorship — and a fine memorial it is, tender and true, of a sympathetic nature, which has a reverent faith in the truth that He who made us, made also and loveth all. We watch the poor doomed bird, gasping its life out, where the grass makes a soft couch, and blooming boughs (needlessly kind) spread a tent above ; we hear its mate calling to the white, piled clouds, and asking for the missed and forlorn one. That airy call

Thou 'lt bear no longer ; 'neath sun-lighted clouds,
With beating wings, or steady poise aslant,
Wilt sail no more. Around thy trembling claws
Droop thy wings' parting feathers. Spasms of
death
Are on thee.

From Him who heareth the raven's cry for food comes the inspiration of this elegy.

A "Fragment of an Epistle," composed in octosyllabic verse, is an attempt to escape not only what Byron calls the fatal facility, but what the author calls the fatal monotony, of that metre. There is little else to characterize it. "A Clump of Daisies" shows dim and diminutive beside the same object in other poets one might name. "Chantrey's Washington" has little of the massive power of either the statesman or the sculptor involved in its memorial verse. "The Moss supplicateth for the Poet," as for one who leaves, oftentimes, the flaunting flowers and open sky, to woo the moss by shady brook, with voice low and soft and sad as the brook itself, and because the moss is of lowly frame, and more constant than the flower, and because it is

— Kind to old decay, and wraps it softly round
in green,
On naked root, and trunk of gray, spreading a
garniture and screen.

"The Pleasure Boat" goes tilting pleasantly on its way, to a soft breeze and musical murmur of accompaniment. And such, with the "Spirit of the Pilgrims" and a few lyrics, comprise, so far as we are informed, the lays of the minstrel whom we have thus inadequately but impartially, "when found, made a note of."

From the Athenæum.

LUDWIG TIECK.

FROM Berlin tidings have come of the death in that city, on the morning of the 28th ult., of Ludwig Tieck — one of the few survivors of a past age of German literature, and not the least of those who made it illustrious. He was born in Berlin, on the 31st of May, 1773 ; so that a few days only were wanting to complete his full measure of fourscore years. Within this wide period, however, he may be said to have commanded a narrower space of life, whether for mere bodily uses or for mental production, than has been enjoyed by many who have gone sooner to the grave. Severe physical suffering — from gout, the attacks of which began as early as 1806 — encroached on the best part of his existence from that period onward — and for many years before its close had reduced him to a nearly helpless state. The mind, indeed, was still alive and elastic in intervals of respite ; but continued exertion of any kind was baffled by

recurring distress and debility ; — so that his declining age has been mainly a scene of passive subjection to pain — borne with an equanimity and composure that have justly been called heroic. Under such circumstances, the friends of the veteran poet may rejoice that the hour of his release from this long trial has at length arrived.

This is hardly the time for any detailed review of the literary career of Tieck, nor for anticipations of the exact place which may hereafter be assigned to him among the great writers of his day. It is true that in one sense posterity had already begun for Tieck while he still continued among the living ; and there are considerable features of his poetic character, and of his influence on the time, the effect of which is already consummated. From these, as from other circumstances of his career, the eminence of Tieck's place in the literary annals of his country — as chief leader in an important though ephemeral movement — may be certainly predicted. Of the fate of his works as a living possession for readers in ages yet to come, it would be less safe to prophesy so much.

The romantic school, in which Tieck appears both as the virtual founder and the chief illustrator, was rather the natural product of a peculiar and morbid state of things on minds of a certain sensitive and fanciful temper, than itself founded in Poetic Nature. Impatience of the torpid condition and mean aims of society around them — the want of a true popular ground in real life wherein their spiritual energies could take root — easily led the young men of genius, of whom Tieck was foremost, to seek a sphere for their exercise in reveries of sentiment, in dreams of old chivalry or legendary fictions, in what seemed earnest and picturesque in the Church of the Middle Ages as well as in the simplicities of early devotional Art. Such are among the main themes of this Poetic School — which appear with seducing effect, and in various forms of treatment, in Tieck's pages, in place of that heart-felt veracity which alone gives force and endurance to poetic creations. They are, as Tieck himself has somewhere said, dream-shadows of things and feelings — often gracious, tender, and affecting — sometimes, in another phase of their development, delightfully freakish, sparkling with quaint irony, or revelling in the broadest humor. But the stuff of which they are made, the moods of thought which they express, are altogether visionary, fleeting and unreal. They leave no distinct traces on the mind ; — in form, they are constantly tending towards the vaguest confusion of styles ; in effect, they are essentially retrograde and unproductive.

The backward course which this school has run, in the land of its birth, has not only already proved how little an arbitrary system like

this can do for healthy poetic culture ; it has also shown how soon it is compelled to descend to earth in search of a basis in something that may, at least, wear a show of substance, and to what base and perverse ends this attempt may speedily be turned. Long before the close of his career, Tieck himself saw his literary offspring astray in blind ways, which his superior mind and ripened thought entirely disallowed ; — and hereupon, indeed, he seems to have determined upon a new poetic course, not only leading straight away from the direct absurdity and secondary abuse which had grown upon the romantic basis which he had formerly laid, but also diverging widely enough from his own earlier literary practice. In this change, which began with the publication of his novels in 1821, the desire to obtain a substantial historic ground for poetic composition is strikingly significant ; and it is impossible to say to what further results it might not have led one so able and so mature in training as Tieck then was, had not sickness thwarted this promising development.

It must be observed, that with Tieck, even in his youngest days, romantic abnegation of matter of fact, and the assertion of unbounded liberty both in the form and in the matter of composition, were at all events no idle pleas, advanced, as they have often been elsewhere, to cover the defect of thorough schooling, or to excuse *dilettante* indolence. With the fruits of early study at his command, he was at all times of his life diligent and studious of fresh acquisitions. In the field of European literature he was versed as few other men have been ; with something of an especial preference for Spanish and English. His love for the latter, as shown by his many excellent labors on our old dramatists, as well as in the translation of Shakspeare, give him especial claims to this country.

His splendid library, which was sold a few years back, was an evidence of judgment as well as of good-fortune in the collection of literary treasures, while it showed the wide range of his pursuits. The circumstances which caused the dispersion, as we have heard them stated, are such as must have raised the poet in the esteem of all who knew them — while they lamented, for his sake, the effects of so generous a sacrifice of his best companions.

JACKSON'S EPITAPH ON HIS WIFE. — The Richmond Enquirer says a lady in the west has been kind enough to send us a copy of Andrew Jackson's epitaph on his wife. It is known to have been his own composition, yet, although it has been read by hundreds on her tomb in Tennessee, it has never appeared in print before. This singular inscription reads thus : —

"Here lie the remains of Mrs. Rachel Jack-

son, wife of President Jackson, who died on the 22d of December, 1828, aged 61. Her face was fair, her person pleasing, her temper amiable, and her heart kind. She delighted in relieving the wants of her fellow-creatures, and cultivated that divine pleasure by the most liberal and unpretending methods. To the poor she was a benefactress ; to the rich she was an example ; to the wretched a comforter ; to the prosperous an ornament ; her pity went hand in hand with her benevolence ; and she thanked her Creator for being permitted to do good. A being so gentle, and yet so virtuous, slander might wound, but could not dishonor. Even death, when he tore her from the arms of her husband, could but transplant her to the bosom of her God."

THE MANAGEMENT OF THE FINGER NAILS. — According to European fashion, they should be of an oval figure, transparent, without specks or ridges of any kind ; the semilunar fold, or white half-circle, should be fully developed, and the pellicle, or cuticle which forms the configuration around the root of the nails, thin and well defined, and, when properly arranged, should represent as nearly as possible the shape of a half-filbert. The proper arrangement of the nails is to cut them of an oval shape, corresponding with the form of the fingers ; they should not be allowed to grow too long, as it is difficult to keep them clean ; nor too short, as it allows the ends of the fingers to become flattened and enlarged by being pressed upwards against the nails, and gives them a clumsy appearance. The epidermis, which forms the semicircle around, and adheres to the nail, requires particular attention, as it is frequently dragged on with its growth, drawing the skin below the nail so tense as to cause it to crack and separate into what are called *agnails*. This is easily remedied by carefully separating the skin from the nail by a blunt, half-round instrument. Many persons are in the habit of continually cutting this pellicle, in consequence of which it becomes exceedingly irregular, and often injurious to the growth of the nail. They also frequently pick under the nails with a pin, penknife, or the point of sharp scissors, with the intention of keeping them clean, by doing which they often loosen them, and occasion considerable injury. The nails should be cleansed with a brush not too hard, and the semicircular skin should not be cut away, but only loosened, without touching the quick, the fingers being, afterwards dipped in tepid water, and the skin pushed back with a towel. This method, which should be practised daily, will keep the nails of a proper shape, prevent *agnails*, and the pellicles from thickening or becoming rugged. When the nails are naturally rugged or ill-formed, the longitudinal ridges or fibres should be scraped and rubbed with lemon, afterwards rinsed in water, and well dried with the towel ; but if the nails are very thin, no benefit will be derived by scraping ; on the contrary, it might cause them to split. If the nails grow more to one side than the other, they should be cut in such a manner as to make the point come as near as possible in the centre of the end of the finger. — *Durlacher*.

NEW BOOKS.

We have received the following books :

The Last Leaf from Sunny-Side. This is advertised by Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston, in Nos. 463 and 472 of the Living Age.

A Dictionary of Domestic Medicine and Household Surgery. By Spencer Thomson, M. D., L. R. C. S., Edinburgh. First American, from the latest London, edition. Revised, with additions, by Henry H. Smith, M. D., Surgeon to St. Joseph's Hospital, Philadelphia. Advertised by Lippincott, Grambo & Co., in Nos. 465, 467, 469, 471.

Spiritual Vampirism; The History of Ethereal Softdown, and her Friends of the "New Light." By C. W. Webber. See advertisement by Lippincott, Grambo & Co., Philadelphia, in Nos. 465, 467, 469, 471.

A Pilgrimage to Palestine, by Dr. J. V. C. Smith. This is a work of original thought, and is written from personal observation, daily recorded. It is advertised in No. 466, by Gould & Lincoln, Boston.

A Nation Dead, without a Written History. Traditions of De-Coo-Dah and Antiquarian Researches. This work is advertised by Thayer, Bridgman & Fanning, New York, in No. 470. It contains many engraved illustrations, and much material for history.

The Spirit Humbug Exposed. By Professor Mattison, New York. This work, published by Messrs. Mason Brothers, New York, is highly commended by many good judges. See advertisement in No. 471.

The Bible in the Counting-House; a Course of Lectures to Merchants. By H. A. Boardman, D. D. Advertised by Lippincott, Grambo & Co., Philadelphia, in Nos. 471, 472, 473. We should be very glad to read this book, or any other from Dr. Boardman, if we could stop. But we are like the dog in the fable, who could only lap as he ran.

Songs in the Night; or, Hymns for the Sick and Suffering. This is a collection of Poems by various authors, with an Introduction by the Rev. A. C. Thompson. Revised edition. It is well recommended by good authority. See advertisement, by S. K. Whipple & Co., Boston, in our No. 472.

Dissertation on Musical Taste. By Thomas Hastings. Mr. Hastings has for many years been successfully engaged in various practical measures for cultivating Musical Taste, and extending the practice of Music. The work is advertised by Messrs. Mason Brothers, New York, in No. 472.

Marie de Berniere; The Maroon; Maize in Milk. By W. Gilmore Sims. Advertised by Lippincott, Grambo & Co., Philadelphia, in No. 472.

Epitome of Greek and Roman Mythology, with Explanatory Notes and a Vocabulary. By John S. Hart, LL. D., Principal of the High School, Philadelphia. Carefully and handsomely published by Lippincott, Grambo and Co., Phil.

History of Massachusetts, from its Earliest Settlement to the Present Time. By W. H. Carpenter. This is one of a series of Cabinet Histories, published by Lippincott, Grambo & Co., Philadelphia.

Travels in Egypt and Palestine. By J. Thomas, M. D. A very pretty duodecimo, containing some interesting discoveries of antiquity. Lippincott, Grambo & Co., Philadelphia.

Farquello's French Course is advertised, with high recommendations, by Newman & Ivison, New York, in No. 471 Living Age.

The Life of Dr. Chalmers. This duodecimo volume is an abridgment, by the Rev. James C. Moffat, M. A., Professor in Princeton College, of Dr. Hannas' large work. It is published in Cincinnati by Morse, Anderson, Wilstack & Keys.

Father Brighthopes; or, An Old Clergyman's Vacation. By Paul Creighton. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston.

Prophets and Kings of the Old Testament. A series of Sermons preached in the chapel of Lincoln's Inn. By Frederick Denison Maurice, of King's College, London. Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston.

Child's Matins and Vespers. By A Mother. Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston.

Early Buds. By Lydia M. Reno. It is not very high praise to speak of the typographical beauty, only, of a collection of original poems. But we know no more, and are so much pleased by the uncommon beauty of this volume, that we cannot but speak of it. Published by James Munroe & Co., Boston.

Babylon and Nineveh. Layard's Second Expedition. Abridged from the larger work. Former reviews in the Living Age have made our readers well acquainted with this book, now published by G. P. Putnam & Co., New York.

The New Rome; or, The United States of the World. By Theodore Poesche and Charles Goepp. G. P. Putnam & Co.

Echoes of a Belle; or, A Voice from the Past. By Ben Shadow. G. P. Putnam & Co.

A Review of the Spiritual Manifestations. By the Rev. Charles Beecher. G. P. Putnam & Co.

Journal of an African Cruiser. By Horatio Bridge, U. S. N. Edited by Nathaniel Hawthorne. G. P. Putnam & Co.

Carlotta and the Sanfedesi; or, A Night with the Jesuits at Rome. By Edmund Farrere. John S. Taylor, New York. Said to be a vigorous attack upon the Jesuits.

Clouds and Sunshine. By the author of Musings of an Invalid, &c. John S. Taylor, New York.

Coleridge's Works, Vol. 5. Here is the fifth volume of a beautiful edition of the complete works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, with an Introductory Essay upon his Philosophical and Theological Opinions. Edited by Professor Shedd. It is to be in seven volumes. It is published by Messrs. Harpers; and we don't doubt that they regularly sent us the four preceding volumes, and many other books which never have reached us. Nevertheless, it is indispensable to every well selected library.